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A Journal of Opinion

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Men Walking in a Dream

Decades hence, men and women in the United States will look back with a curious poignant remembrance on the days through which they are now passing. Probably everyone has wondered what it would be like to live through the end of the world; yet now that we are coming so close to doing exactly that, most people seem hardly conscious of the indescribable significance and seriousness of these days.

We read in the newspapers of seventy-one successive air raids on London within a space of a few weeks, and three minutes later we casually go on about our business. Historic names appear in the headlines—Buckingham Palace bombed, windows of Westminster Cathedral broken, St. Paul's threatened—and we glance at them and continue to make our trivial daily decisions: What suit shall I wear? Shall I drive to the office or take the street car? What about renewing the lease on my house?

To be sure, we are not wholly insensitive to the great panorama in whose shadow we sit. "If England falls," we say glibly at cocktail parties, discarding the proffered gin and looking around hastily for the Scotch. If England falls! That would be the most significant world happening since the battle of Hastings almost nine and a half centuries ago. Whatever may take place thereafter, the British Empire as we have known it for so long will have disappeared. Doubtless that will mean in certain ways a gain; but in other and more important ones it will mean an incalculable loss. The great area of the world where men already dare not speak the truth will become even greater. The forces of cruelty and brute strength and unreason will have won their greatest victory since the death of Rome.

If England falls, life in the United States will be utterly translated, as much so as if the land and all the people in it had been moved to the ends of the earth. We must sacrifice as we have never done in our history, not even in the Great War, sacrifice merely in the hope of being able to protect what we have, of keeping such a degree of freedom as we have painfully achieved.

When a man has been told by his doctor that he will soon die of an incurable disease, he goes on for some time with his daily unimportant round. He adds up his check book, or tries to; he sends his clothes to the tailor, makes out his income tax, reads the morning paper and gets his shoes shined, but all in a half-abstracted absentmindedness that is the tribute to the Great Silent Fact behind everything else. The disease of our civilization is not necessarily a mortal one, but it has something of the same sleep-walking effect.

As in a trance we see Mr. Willkie make his blunders, the editorial writers of the daily press pontificate about the New Deal, the latest murder mystery flare for a moment across the front pages. Our whole familiar life seems to be breaking up before our eyes. This may prove to be false; the indomitable fortitude of Britain's defenders may prevail and our civilization may go on. In either case we who watch from this distance, able to do little to affect the outcome and doing even less than that little, are benumbed by the uproar of a battle that is so far away and yet so terribly close.

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Britain Fights On

On September 17 Hitler's intentions in the Battle of Britain were still as obscure as ever. Despite terrific losses since London's anti-aircraft defense was perfected, his bombers continued to sweep over the city, doing heavy but not irreparable damage. Bad weather did not halt them but simply made accurate aim impossible and the raids still more barbarous. The British government evidently believed that invasion was imminent, although Hitler missed the brightest moonlight and the highest tides over the preceding weekend. From Berlin and Rome came hints that the invasion might be indefinitely postponed; that first Gibraltar would be stormed with the aid of Franco, who would come into the war; that Mussolini's campaign against Egypt would be the main Axis thrust for the present; that Hitler would attack with full force in the Near East. These conflicting rumors were part of the usual German campaign to spread doubt and dismay; but it was clear that they would not work against the English as they had against other foes. The gallantry with which the British kept their heads high under a terrible ordeal won the admiration of the world. The Royal Air Force daily and nightly accomplished the impossible. Neutral experts agreed that England had at least a fighting chance to survive, and that win or lose, her resistance was one of the bright pages in history's Doomsday Book.

The Campaign in Egypt

Mussolini is advertising his campaign against Egypt so much that it is hard to take it seriously. He gives the impression of making a lot of noise in order to convince Hitler he is doing his share—unless, of course, he is making a lot of noise at Hitler's request, for purpose of deception. Italian native troops are moving east along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea toward Alexandria, through excessively arid and difficult terrain. They are probably subject to shelling by British warships. The main Italian army was still out of action. Egypt has not yet declared war, but it is hard to believe she will not do so if Alexandria is attacked. What happens in Africa is still much less important than, and dependent upon, what happens at Hell's Corner, England.

He Suits Ford

Henry Ford has come out for Wendell Willkie. Our preference for Franklin D. Roosevelt is confirmed.

That Too-Brief Laryngitis

Wendell Willkie lost his voice during his campaign tour; but for his own good he should have lost it sooner and it should have stayed lost longer. His amazing charge that Roosevelt was responsible for Munich may prove to be the "rum, Romanism and rebellion" boomerang of this campaign. When Mr. Willkie said at Joliet that Roosevelt had "telephoned to Hitler and Mussolini and urged them to sell Czecho-Slovakia down the river," his press agent hastily explained that he had "misspoken"; but the candidate went right on misspeaking. He continued to charge Roosevelt with appeasement; at Peoria he accused the President of "telephoning Hitler and Mussolini and Churchill urging them to Munich where they sacrificed Czecho-Slovakia."

No wonder the Republicans are heartsick over the amazing maladroitness of their candidate; no wonder his foreign-affairs expert, Raymond Leslie Buell, promptly took to his bed with a temperature of 104. The record is plain; everyone knows that what Mr. Roosevelt did was to send telegrams to the rulers of six European countries urging a general conference for the settlement of disputes as an alternative to war. The last thing he wanted was the sacrifice of Czecho-Slovakia; no ruler in the world spoke out so sharply as he did about Hitler's actions. If Mr. Willkie objects to what the President did, he leaves the public to assume that he preferred war.

After he recovered his voice, he went on from bad to worse. In his Coffeyville speech he called Roosevelt an anti-democrat and predicted that if he is reëlected we shall have totalitarianism within four years. What can one do with a candidate who talks like that? Mr. Roosevelt has plenty of faults, heaven knows, and the Republican contender can legitimately harp upon them. But when he makes charges that are instantly disproved, or accusations so wild that they are patently nonsensical, he hurts nothing but his own rapidly fading chances.

Willkie Attacks Labor Standards

When Mr. Roosevelt told the Teamsters' Union that labor's gains must be retained and would not interfere with armament production, Mr. Willkie called it "class-conscious doctrine," while more moderate opponents argued that hours must be lengthened if production is to be increased, and talked of universal sacrifice. Both Mr. Willkie and his followers repeat again and again the dangerous falsehood—fully exposed by The New Republic with irrefutable facts and figures—that the labor reforms of the Blum Popular Front government hampered French production for defense.

Meanwhile the long established findings of engineering science concerning hours of work are ignored. Many studies, dating as far back as the last war, show that more output is obtained in a relatively short working day than in a long one. Fatigue slows down production and increases spoilage. Occasional spurts in emergencies may be gained from long hours, but continuance of such work piles up fatigue. Of course that

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does not mean that the shorter the hours, the higher the output, without limit. Optimum hours undoubtedly vary with the occupation.

A more important omission in the ordinary discussion is the fact that limitation of hours whether by law or union contract does not prevent overtime above the standard. It simply provides increased payment for the extra time. This is an item of cost, and serves to limit hours only in that way. But the extra cost can easily be borne in defense industries, and is only fair in view of increased profits, wherever overtime is necessary.

Let's Find the Facts

During the Great War, American military efforts were gravely hampered by the actions of business firms in this country that had connections with Germany. Is the same situation a handicap today? Senator Wheeler of Montana, who is certainly not an alarmist about the German threat to the United States, believes that it is. He has introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for an investigation of all the facts by the Interstate Commerce Committee. He would look into the question of German influence on the American optical-goods industry, the magnesium trade and other items vital to our national defense. It is obviously important for us to know the facts on this all-essential subject; the Wheeler resolution should pass.

Who Blew Up the Powder Works?

We may never know whether the blast in the powder plant near Dover, New Jersey, was an accident or an act of sabotage; but the latter seems much more probable. PM, the New York City newspaper, published an article about ten days before the explosion, predicting that it would happen and saying it had been plotted by Nazi agents. A number of known German sympathizers were on the payroll. The precautions taken at the plant are said to have been extremely lax; anybody could get in, on any sort of errand, without being searched except for matches. After the explosion, the New Jersey police with incredible stupidity proceeded to raid a nearby camp of the German-American Bund—presumably hoping to arrest somebody who had tattooed on his chest the words "I did it." There is a 90-percent chance that someone was inexcusably incompetent; for the sake of the American defense program, we hope the authorities will find out who it was and prevent another such disaster somewhere else.

Soviet Blackout

The New York Times, last of the individual American newspapers to maintain an office in Moscow, has closed it. From now on we must depend on the reports of the standard news agencies, and these in turn can distribute nothing but official handouts. It is with deep regret that we note this event—even more so because we have reason to believe that it was a New Republic supplement on the handling of Russian news by The Times that years ago prompted it to send an independent and reliable correspondent to Moscow.

An incidental gain of no mean proportions, however, is the series of articles that Mr. G. E. R. Gedye, The Times's Moscow correspondent, has been enabled to send, now that he is out of the reach of Soviet censorship. Mr. Gedye is one of the ablest of the foreign correspondents. His dispatches make clear how the restrictions on news following the Soviet-Nazi pact made it futile for any journal to seek to do more than print the official versions of Russian events. He thinks the restrictions resulted because the Soviet government feared the reaction to its pro-Hitler orientation by native Communists as well as by hitherto friendly opinion in the rest of the world. Shortage of food and other commodities also played a part.

Mr. Gedye gives a discouraging picture of the condition of the Russian people. But he also makes clear that Stalin's defection from the cause of collective security was the logical result of his fear of betrayal by Britain and France. Maxim Litvinov, Mr. Gedye believes, resigned voluntarily because of a sincere conviction of the failure of his foreign policy, and Stalin was virtually forced into his new line in order to protect his country against Hitler. Mr. Gedye now sees indications that the union may not be permanent; Stalin is beginning to fear a victorious Germany.

No Hits, No Runs, Four Errors

Father Coughlin took a beating on his home grounds last week when both of his candidates were badly defeated in the Michigan primaries. Louis B. Ward, Coughlin's official biographer and editor of Social Justice, was seeking the Democratic nomination for United States Senator. Despite the endorsement of Dr. Townsend, Ward ran a poor third to Frank Fitzgerald, Detroit attorney. Dr. John Derry, Coughlinite candidate for Representative from the Fifteenth Congressional District, was also soundly beaten. Derry campaigned by making pro-Hitler, anti-Semitic speeches before Social Justice clubs.

It appears that Father Coughlin is becoming increasingly unpopular with the people of Michigan. In 1936, Ward missed election by so slim a margin that Coughlin offered to pay for a recount. This year Ward was beaten by a 5-to-1 vote. Nor were these Coughlin's first election defeats this year. A few weeks ago, Harold Sparling ran for the Republican nomination in California's Seventeenth Congressional District. In a pamphlet setting forth his platform, Sparling told the people that he was deeply indebted to Father Coughlin. The people responded by electing his opponent by an overwhelming majority. Coughlin also helped put the kiss of death on Representative Jacob Thorkelson of Montana by hailing the pro-fascist Congressman as "America's foremost patriot." Up for renomination

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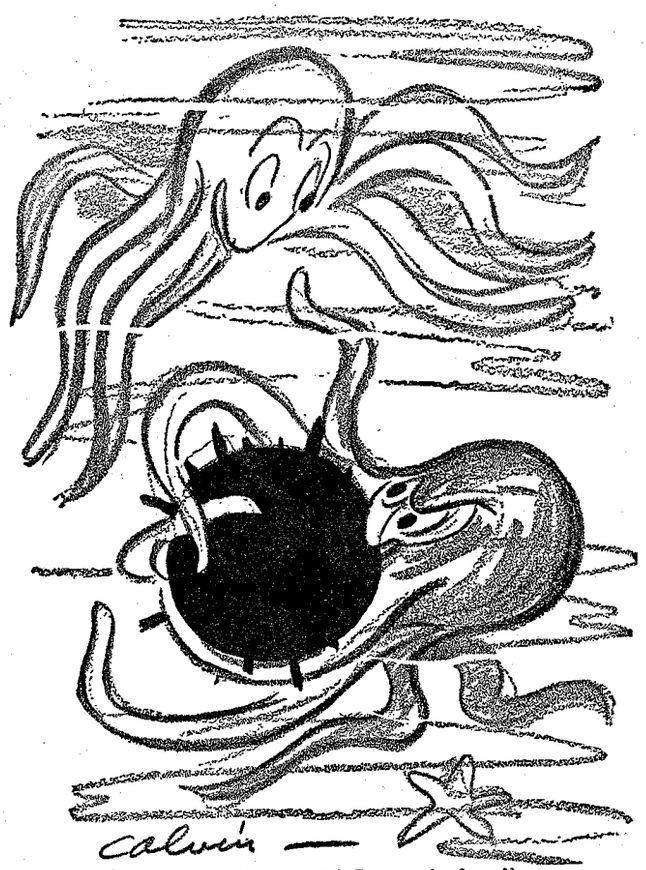
several weeks ago, Thorkelson was edged out by Jeannette Rankin, who years ago was Montana's first woman member of Congress.

There are increasing indications that the fascist voice in Congress will be fainter. George Deatherage in West Virginia and James Stewart in New York failed to collect enough signatures to file petitions for the congressional primaries. James Downey, Christian Mobilizer candidate for New York State Senate, was eliminated for not residing within his election district.

The Protean Anti-Democrats

A little news from the anti-democratic front: We understand that the Christian Front, after running into strong opposition among anti-Coughlin Catholics, has quietly dissolved. It is reported, however, that it will reappear shortly as the League for Christian Action. In the meantime, members of the Front have been advised to join the Christian Mobilizers, which is a pro-Hitler, anti-Semitic organization. They have also been encouraged to join and support the Paul Revere Sentinels, Inc., a Coughlinite group with headquarters in New York City. Prominent at Paul Revere meetings have been Allen Zoll, who organized the picketing of radio station WMCA in the interest of Father Coughlin and is now under indictment for extortion, and Carl Neumeister, a bigwig of the German-American Bund. We are told that some of the lobbying against the Burke-Wadsworth bill was done by people associated with the Paul Reveres. Paul Revere as a pacifist is something to make you swallow twice, but nothing is too illogical for those in this country who do Hitler's bidding.



"Lay off, lay off! I seen it first."

Franco's Neutrality

The reluctance of some sections of the American press to print anything damaging about Franco's Spain continues. The head of the American ambulance corps, arrested in Spain, on his arrival here last week hastened to reassure reporters that Franco was doing everything possible to remain neutral and so explained away their arrest. This is a strange neutrality, that of General Franco. As early as July one could find buried deep in stories such items as the following (The New York Times, July 19, 1940):

> According to Americans who returned home yesterday on the United States Line ship Manhattan, Spain already has been virtually invaded by Germany, and there were German uniformed soldiers and storm troopers in Spanish cities as the Americans were struggling through the country from stricken France to Portugal. They said that German military uniforms, armored cars and swastikas were evident everywhere in Spain as early as the second and third weeks of June, when the homeward-bound Americans were walking, riding and running in the general direction of Lisbon.

Good Management and Strikes

Management is usually regarded as the exclusive concern of ownership. Organized labor has as a rule accepted this assumption and refused to get caught in the meshes of managerial responsibility. But all the authorities assure us that the majority of disputes between management and men grow out of inefficient management. As our defense preparations become more intense the general public will doubtless become less and less patient with "labor trouble." Therefore it seems likely that defense authorities in their anxiety to keep the wheels turning will increasingly demand that management meet recognized standards of efficiency, simply because otherwise labor will not indefinitely go along. It would be easy to recruit from the growing profession of management engineers individuals who would report on the managerial competence in any factory which revealed evidences of labor unrest. Under present conditions it is just as logical and socially valuable to make such an inquiry as to examine wage rates. Here is a grand opportunity to raise the level of management a peg or two in most industries. If nothing further resulted than the general adoption of a satisfactory system for handling grievances, the effort would have justified itself.

Streamlined Lynching

Again this year, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has issued a statement charging Tuskegee Institute with inaccuracy in report-

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ing lynchings. Tuskegee claimed that 1940 so far had been a "lynchless year," while the NAACP claims that at least four people, three of them white, have been lynched. The American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense, the other principal organizations working for the abolition of lynching, have also disagreed, reporting respectively three ("the smallest number in years") and six. Futile as this controversy seems, it is the sincere attempt of four genuinely concerned organizations to get the facts. Their disagreement is based on no deliberate fault of their own, but on the horrible fact that lynchings have recently been streamlined to the point where it is almost impossible to prove them to be lynchings. The old method of a huge mob breaking into the jail, stringing the victim up and taking home parts of his body as souvenirs, has been superseded. Lynchings now are done quietly and efficiently by a few men in a fast car. There is no publicity and the lynchers try to make the crime look like an accident. The lynching of Booster Williams, a Negro, in Louisiana last June is typical. His body was left on the highway and every attempt was made to create the impression that he had been killed by a hit-and-run driver. His body was too mutilated for anyone to be deceived, but in how many other cases has this Gestapo technique been successful?

News Notes of a Week

General Almazán's threatened rebellion held fire while a few of his followers rioted in Mexico City. . . . There seemed a good chance that Japan would move in on French Indo-China. . . . Anti-Semitic regulations increased in Hungary, Rumania and Slovakia. . . . Usually untrustworthy Italian sources reported that the blitzkrieg against England was off until spring. . . . The All-India Congress withdrew its offer of support for Britain in the war, but agreed not to hamper Britain in any way and expressed sympathy and admiration for British bravery. . . . The Vatican accused the Nazis of poisoning the education of Catholic youth in Germany. . . . Reports from Berlin claimed that London was being shelled by German Big Berthas from ninety miles across the Channel on the French coast.

With the conscription law signed, the army announced that married men would not be included in the first draft. One day after it was signed, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, notorious draft-dodger of the World War, was sentenced to seven years in prison. . . . A committee was formed in the United States to collect small arms, ammunition and binoculars as gifts for British defense. . . . Local chapters of the Red Cross throughout the country and the International Labor Defense, at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, added themselves to the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, at 79 Fifth Avenue, New York City, as organizations offering free service and advice on alien registration. . . . Wendell Willkie's radio speech Monday replaced Uncle Don over New York City's Station WOR.

Mr. Willkie Is Wrong!

Aside from all personal judgments that may be made of the candidates for President, and beyond all the arguments concerning this or that concrete policy, there is a fundamental issue in this campaign that the voters intuitively recognize, and that ought to be pondered strictly on its merits. Mr. Willkie is the candidate of American business and its philosophy of government. Mr. Roosevelt is the candidate of those who believe that the business community is no longer fitted to govern the nation.

From the beginning of the era of industrial expansion succeeding the Civil War until 1932, our government was, with but few interruptions, largely in the hands of business interests. You could almost always predict how the majorities would go, outside the Solid South, by the sentiment of business men, by the editorials in the newspapers and magazines that served them. The middle class and professional people, the farmers, even a large part of labor usually followed their lead by a safe majority. But the crash of 1929 undermined their prestige and destroyed popular faith in business government. Since 1932 farmers, workers and professional people have registered an independent choice. Business has smarted and sulked under this rejection. It has rebelled, argued, condemned, and sought in every way to regain its prestige.

The split has, of course, penetrated the governing party. In the South, where business has grown more dominant in recent decades, and where tradition forbids voting for the party of Lincoln, the anti-New Deal Democrats have become indistinguishable in their policies from Northern Republicans. Business did its best to regain control of the Democratic Party, but Mr. Roosevelt stood in the way. At last it boldly, and for the first time in history, named an outstanding business executive as Republican candidate—a man who until his nomination was a leading political spokesman for big business and who now has the devoted support of nine-tenths of American business men. If he can convert the non-business elements in the community he will be elected; otherwise he may be overwhelmingly defeated. Does business deserve a return of popular confidence?

The praises of American business and its achievements have many times been sung, and often in extravagant terms. The enterprise of these doers and builders, it is said, has developed a virgin continent, created great industries, encouraged the application of technological marvels, discovered how to manage gigantic organizations, brought together the means for

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producing abundance, and kept open the path for ambition. Their riches have paid our taxes and supported our universities and philanthropies. Business is the storehouse of ability and energy; on account of its competence its opinions must be respected and it must be left unfettered to continue the country's historical upward curve. Mr. Willkie emphasizes above all the necessity of liberty for private enterprise; his favorite book is Carl Snyder's "Capitalism the Creator."

Business, it is true, might have chosen a candidate more representative in his own person of the virtues for which it is justly famous. There are great organizers, executives of industry, men with a background of precise engineering training or knowledge of the techniques of management. There are men who have had daring imaginations and who have, in a truly creative sense, made their dreams come real. Mr. Willkie is none of these. He is a lawyer, a public spokesman. His first important business job was to be head of a great corporation already formed by others. This corporation, moreover, did not turn a single wheel or make a single thing of use. It was a mere financial device, created to speculate on the gains of other, subsidiary corporations which did the work. These subordinate public-utility concerns were in turn monopolies in their several regions and depended for their prosperity largely on political manipulation of those public officials who set their rates. One would be hard put to it to prove that such capitalism as was embodied in Commonwealth and Southern ever created anything. But most business men overlook this flaw in their champion because he gives such accurate voice to their sense of injury, their prejudices and their desire to regain political power.

The disparity between the role Mr. Willkie has personally played, however, and the romantic conception of the role of business in American life is a reminder that such broad terms as "business" and "private enterprise" cover numerous tendencies, some as injurious to public welfare as others are beneficial. Thorstein Veblen long ago drew a sharp distinction between "industry" and "business," between "the engineers" and "the price system." The creative, inventive side of industry is often corrupted or choked by those whose chief interest is in making money out of it.

When business men get together to control industry or government, their collective aim is likely to be to boost prices and reduce wages, to make fewer things instead of more. Their group political wisdom is exemplified by the protective tariff, by the long fight against the rights of organized labor and legislative protection of minimum standards, by the stubborn refusal to use intelligently in behalf of agriculture the governmental power that had long been employed to shield favored manufacturers from foreign competition, by resistance to public relief of mass unemployment, by opposition to high taxes on large incomes and profits, and by bitter enmity both to governmental enforcement of business competition and effective governmental regulation of monopoly prices. It was in the latter activity that Mr. Willkie himself won his prominence.

Mr. Willkie's main contention is that in order to retain American democracy and restore prosperity, the government must remove from business the restrictions which have been placed upon it, and must not impose any more. Verbally he endorses many of the reforms which have been enacted, but his philosophy is diametrically opposed to that out of which grew these reforms. He has little to offer except the glittering generality that business should be given a free hand; that failure to do so is responsible for unemployment and endangers liberty.

Although business spokesmen often talk as if they were contending against a Communist dictatorship, it is a little difficult to see how the beneficial and productive aspects of American industry can have been hampered by what has been done. Regulation of the financial markets in the interest of honesty, regulation of utility monopolies—even public competition with them—in the interest of lower price and larger output, unemployment relief, government spending on public works, anti-trust suits, reciprocal trade treaties and the rest ought to facilitate production and consumption. They were in fact so designed; their restrictions are placed only on those who themselves were restricting output.

As for the business "lack of confidence" supposed to have been caused by an unbalanced budget, how much more confidence would business have had if a lack of the stimulation caused by public spending and an increase in taxation had been employed to balance the budget? In any case, this issue is out of the window with the defense program. We simply do not understand how any careful student can believe that it would restore and retain prosperity to abstain from the many governmental activities which business men say scare them so they can't invest and produce. Business does not deserve a return to political power on the basis of this timorous plea.

That would be true even in a period of world peace, but now at a time of national peril it is doubly dangerous for a democracy to entrust itself carelessly to a business government. We simply cannot afford the delays, the obstructionism, the profiteering and the restriction of output that political business is prone to. The experience of Britain under the rule of the business Tories Baldwin and Chamberlain, the sabotage by capital in France from the day of Léon Blum to that of Daladier, show how the concern for private gain hampers preparation against a totalitarian enemy. Industry must produce to defend us, but if it is to do so the hand at the helm cannot be that of big business.

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The Press v. the Public

IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN of 1936 it was often stated that 85 percent of the press was for Landon, in spite of which he suffered a smothering defeat. We do not know whether that figure is correct; we have never seen any statistics on the subject that we consider reliable. We do know, on the basis of a study made by The New Republic itself, that in the fifteen largest cities of the United States, newspapers whose combined circulation was 71 percent of the total were for Landon and that in these same cities the popular vote in the election almost exactly reversed this tendency, 69 percent going for Roosevelt. There was much comment at the time on the surprising difference between the attitude of the papers and that of their readers.

Will this divergence be repeated in 1940? It looks as though this were possible. Editor and Publisher recently asked the editors of all the daily papers in the country whom they supported in 1936 and whom they favored this year. Something over a thousand papers replied, of which 60 percent had supported Landon four years ago, 35 percent Roosevelt and 5 percent were neutral. This year 66.3 percent of the same papers were for Willkie, 20.1 percent for Roosevelt and 13.5 percent neutral or still undecided. The last classification includes some papers which have not expressed a formal editorial opinion but have made up their own minds, and it is safe to assume a predominating proportion for Willkie.

Mr. Arthur Robb of Editor and Publisher added up the total circulations of the papers that replied to the questionnaire. He found 59.47 percent for Willkie, 19.1 percent for Roosevelt and 21.43 percent neutral.

Time Magazine made its own survey of 120 dailies in the 41 largest cities of the country. It found 78 percent for Willkie, 9 percent for Roosevelt and 13 percent neutral or undecided. Only eleven big-city dailies in the whole country are for Roosevelt. Three of these are in New York and since one of them, The New York Daily News, has by far the largest circulation in the country, the percentage figures give a somewhat exaggerated idea of the Roosevelt strength.

More accurate is the portrait of the situation if we look at the press in a few individual states in the Editor and Publisher survey. The California papers are for Willkie 61 to 10; Colorado, 12 to 1; Connecticut, 11 to 1; Illinois, 44 to 5; Indiana, 47 to 11; Iowa, 31 to 0; Kansas, 37 to 0; Massachusetts, 20 to 0; Michigan, 27 to 0; Minnesota, 21 to 1; New Jersey, 18 to 3; New York, 46 to 11; Ohio, 41 to 4; Pennsylvania, 68 to 5; South Dakota, 10 to 0; Washington, 13 to 0; Wisconsin, 14 to 2.

These figures are in marked contrast to a study of the labor newspapers, made by the Federated Press. Nearly two-thirds of 122 leading labor papers favor Roosevelt, who has 62.8 percent of their support. Undecided were 17.3. Norman Thomas had 3.3 percent and Willkie only 2.4 percent. Fourteen percent were either neutral or critical. Willkie has just one AFL paper in the whole country, one CIO and one without affiliation. John L. Lewis' peculiar attitude in the campaign is reflected in the twenty-nine CIO papers that are undecided or neutral. Roosevelt is actually much stronger in the AFL papers than in those of the CIO, the proportions being fifty-two of the former to thirteen of the latter.

The attitude of the country's newspapers, reported above, is in sharp contrast to the studies from other sources. The Fortune poll shows that Roosevelt has 53.2 percent of the popular support and that Willkie has only 35.6. The Gallup poll also shows Roosevelt gaining; indications are that he will soon be leading by a substantial majority throughout the country. Some expert students of trends believe Willkie will carry not more than eight states in November, in comparison with the two won by the unhappy Mr. Landon.

It is commonly said that the disparity between the attitude of the press and the evident intention of the voters shows that the newspapers have lost their influence, but this is a little too simple and easy. It would be more accurate to say that there is a disparity between the editorial page and the readers. In a sense the newspapers have been the victims of their own integrity; they have opposed the President editorially but their news columns have printed his speeches and those of his associates, and have published enough of the record of the New Deal to permit the public to make up its own mind. The radio has also been an enormous factor. Even with these qualifications, however, the facts about the disparity between press and public opinion are plain enough so that they ought to give the publishers many sleepless nights.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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This Man's Army

Now that Congress has passed the conscription bill, what sort of army are we going to conscript? Very few people have been asking that question, and yet the history of this nation for the next ten years may depend on how it is answered.

If the military leaders have their way, there isn't much doubt what will happen. We shall have a parade-ground army, trained to keep its equipment in perfect order, trained to march in step and give snappy salutes. The buck privates will know their places—so much so that if they are eating in a restaurant and a second lieutenant happens to walk past the cashier's desk they will sneak out the back door. The officers will strut about in polished leather puttees, hoping that promotions continue and the emergency never ends. The enemy can be happy in the assurance that he will have nothing but military brains to oppose him, that is, brains as stiff as a drill sergeant's backbone.

The military leaders tried hard to give us that sort of army in the last war, and failed only because there wasn't quite enough time. The troops had to be ordered into battle before they had completely mastered the Infantry Drill Regulations, based on the best practice of the early nineteenth century; not all the civilian good sense had been hammered out of their heads. That was very galling to the military leaders (who incidentally did some of the most inefficient staff work in military history) but it saved the AEF from even heavier losses than it actually suffered.

For the man in the ranks, the American army in the last war was probably worse than any army that it fought beside or against. I am not speaking of food, equipment or medical care, all of which matters were pretty well handled (except when the Service of Supply took on too big a job, as during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, or got itself completely tangled in red tape). I am not speaking of the pay, which didn't amount to much after all the deductions had been made, but still was better than that received by any other soldiers, except the Canadians and the Anzacs. The real trouble was the caste system imposed by an awkward and overgrown military bureaucracy.

Perhaps the Prussian army had been worse in peacetime, although even that is doubtful. It had certainly changed in its three years of fighting. There had been very heavy casualties among those Prussian officers who bullied their men, and the rumor was that not all the deaths were due to enemy fire. I don't know whether any of the martinets were actually shot in the back, but the rumor must have had its effect, and by 1917 most of the German subalterns were on good terms with their men. The French, compared with other nations, had a really civilian army. Having served with them for six months, I know that in our sector of the front no poilu bothered to salute an officer below the rank of captain, unless he wanted to ask a favor. Officers, non-coms and privates could be seen eating at the same tables; yet that didn't keep the French from obeying military orders. The English army was of course more like our own. But the distinction between commissioned officers and men in the ranks was based on a difference in background and training that had long existed in English society, so that there was comparatively little rebellion against it. Moreover, English captains and lieutenants paid for their position by taking greater risks. Unlike most of the French and German officers, they actually led their men into battle, and the death rate among them was higher than in any other army.

All these remarks apply to the last war. In 1940 I hear that the English caste system is breaking down in the national emergency. The French, on the other hand, had created new barriers between officers and men—another symptom of the internal struggle that weakened them in the face of the enemy.

Back in 1917, the American generals were trying to impose English or Prussian class distinctions on an army conscripted from an entirely different society. In civilian life the officers and men were often classmates or next-door neighbors. In the army they were treated as if they belonged to entirely different races, only one of which was fully human. The officers, including boys fresh from college, enjoyed the privileges that by custom had always been granted to West Pointers. The men were segregated by a whole series of Nuremberg laws; it seemed that merely touching them would defile a second lieutenant:

> The officers get all the steak,
> *Parlay-voo,*
> And all we get is the bellyache,
> *Rinky-dinky parlay-voo.*

The American army had ceased to be democratic shortly after the Civil War; for fifty years it had been led by a small and highly class-conscious corps of officers trained to a rigid pattern. The men under them were mostly misfits in civilian life, fallen so low that they were willing to accept army discipline and army pay. Specifically they were street-corner loafers from the small towns, Tennessee farmhands, migrant workers and stumblebums from the Bowery, with a few sons of respectable families who had stolen a horse or gotten a girl into trouble (but the judge said he would suspend sentence if they would enlist). The American army ideal was then—and I believe still is—to put such boys in the hands of tough corporals and tougher ser-

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geants who would teach them to tuck in their chins and suck up their guts; who in short would beat the nonsense out of their heads. "You'll like it," the veterans used to shout as the rookies marched into camp. "You'll learn to like it"—and I can never forget the sinister way they had of saying "learn." In barracks the rookies were taught to sing:

You're in the army now,
You're not behind the plow;
You'll never get rich, you son of a bitch,
You're in the army now.

It was true, every word of it; they were in this man's army and they would never again find a place in civilian life; no employer wanted them. There was nothing to which they could look forward except next Saturday's drunk, and perhaps after years promotion to the rank of non-commissioned officers; the chance of becoming a regimental sergeant-major was the brightest prospect held out to any enlisted man. Deprived of any other ambition, they aspired to be toughest in the world:

The infantry, the infantry, with dirt behind the ears,
The infantry, the infantry, can drink their weight in beers;
The cavalry, the artillery and the God-damned engineers
Can never beat the infantry in a hundred thousand years.

That was the kind of army we had in peacetime, and the kind of army that the West Pointers tried to give us, on a vastly larger scale, after the conscription bill was passed in 1917. They were now dealing with a cross-section of American society, but they acted—and taught the new officers to act—as if the ranks were still composed of plowboys and stumblebums. The result was a continual smoldering discontent that showed itself in minor infractions of discipline. And the result was also that class distinctions were enforced by what impressed me as the largest and most thoroughly hated body of military police in any fighting army.

The farther they were from the front, the more they bullied the soldiers on leave. Bordeaux was full of them, and they were busy making arrests for offenses that in other armies simply did not exist. Punishments grew more and more severe, especially after the Armistice. American military prisons were quite as bad as Nazi concentration camps. Most of us remember the story of Hardboiled Smith and how he used to spread-eagle his prisoners, with their ankles and wrists tied to stakes in the ground and their eyes blinking into the summer sun. When Hardboiled Smith was finally sent to the penitentiary—the only man punished among scores who were equally guilty—some of his former prisoners were in the same cell block. He had to be moved into solitary confinement to save his life.

During his reign in Paris, the orators back home talked as if an army engaged in making the world safe for democracy must of course be a democratic army. Doughboys never made that mistake. They knew exactly what the joke was when they sang:

In the army, the army, the democratic army,
They call you when they need you
And this is what they feed you—
Beans for breakfast,
Beans for dinner,
Beans for suppertime;
Thirty dollars every month, deducting twenty-nine.

The truth was that the American army during the last war was in some ways the worst possible training for life in a democracy. That fact was proved after the Armistice, when bands of demobilized soldiers began roaming the streets in search of pacifists, radicals and pro-Germans. Former members of the Army Intelligence and the Military Police were active in Attorney General Palmer's great Red hunt. We had a foretaste of fascism in 1919 and 1920, and I am convinced that army training was largely to blame for it.

With a million men about to be conscripted, we cannot afford to repeat that experiment. If we try to fight fascism abroad with what is really a fascist army, we shall be beaten at home, even if we defeat our foreign enemies. And we are not likely to defeat them if the brass-hatted generals are allowed to have their way. American army discipline of the hardboiled kind could train a first-rate colonial army, able to throw the fear of God into Moros and Spigotties. Today it cannot train automotive mechanics or tank drivers or radio operators; it cannot teach complicated maneuvers over broken ground, when the lieutenant with his whistle is out of hearing. As preparation for civilian life, it is worse than useless. The least we can demand of this man's army is that it should provide education for the men as well as close-order drill. The least we can demand is that it should be a people's army, which means that the officers and the recruits should not be two hostile races. The best of our young men will be drafted, if the law works fairly. Each one of them must have a fair chance to rise from the ranks.

Discipline will be needed in the new army as in the old. But discipline means chiefly the ability of trained men to act together, under the direction of someone qualified to give orders. It means the willingness to do the necessary job, not the safe or agreeable job. If it also means standing up straight, tucking in your chin, buttoning your buttons and going to bed at taps, nobody has the right to object. But discipline does not mean that there must be an almost impassable gulf between the top sergeant and the shavetail fresh from a training camp for nice college boys. It does not mean that officers, non-coms and privates should be forbidden to drink at the same bars or sleep in the same hotels. It does not mean checking your brains at the nearest recruiting office. In the next war, we may need them.

MALCOLM COWLEY

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Province of Quebec

II: The Revolt Against Clericalism

In Le Canada Ecclésiastique for 1939, the Archdiocese of Quebec lists its population under the following captions: Catholics, Heretics and Schismatics [Protestants and Greek Orthodox.–M. L.], Israelites, Other Infidels.

This strange nomenclature is no medieval anachronism, but a real indication of the rankling hostility of the hierarchy towards everything that is not both Catholic and French Canadian. The clergy fears that contact with the outer world will leaven the discontent of the impoverished masses—and indeed the situation in Quebec is so highly inflammable that even the most tepid liberalism can be dangerous. The attitude of the hierarchy towards *les étrangers en général* was frankly put in a speech delivered by Cardinal Villeneuve a few years ago: "There are perhaps . . . strangers to our faith . . . listening to me. I tolerate you. . . . I tolerate you so that you will admire at once the splendor of my religion and the delicacy of my charity . . . I tolerate you in order to have your collaboration in the common good, and when such collaboration stops, when you preach poisoned doctrines and spread everywhere poisoned seeds, then I can no longer tolerate you. Such, gentlemen, is Catholic liberalism."

As for the United States, it constitutes one of the biggest dangers in the eyes of the clergy. Jean-Charles Harvey, editor of Le Jour, relates that in high school he was told that "the Americans were barbarians, gross fellows, depraved individuals with no ideals." And things have changed very little since the days when Jean-Charles Harvey went to school.

The most elaborate precautions are taken to preserve the French Canadians from contact with alien influences. While the YMCA is universally regarded as a non-sectarian Christian foundation, in Quebec it is considered beyond the pale for the simple reason that it is not subject to clerical supervision.

For many years now the clergy has been agitating in favor of the Achat Chez Nous movement (buy from our own people) for the dual purpose of preventing contact between the French Canadian masses and *les étrangers* and of protecting the French Canadian merchants. This propaganda appears to have been greatly intensified in recent months. The Jesuit Father Archambault, one of the heads of the École Sociale Populaire, warns the French Canadians in the March issue of the association's organ that those who fail to observe L'Achat Chez Nous are "traitors to their race."

But despite all the efforts of the clergy, the old barriers are slowly crumbling beneath the flood of "alien" influences. The radio, the cinema, the hordes of American tourists who pass through the French Canadian countryside summer and winter, are factors that cannot be coped with by means of ecclesiastical bans. "Our homes are too open to comers of all classes, opinions, moral values and audacity," complained Cardinal Villeneuve at the French Language Conference of 1937. By "all comers," Cardinal Villeneuve explained that he meant travelers, books, newspapers, reviews, radio, motion pictures, etc.

Among the proscribed alien influences which beset the French Canadian proletariat, the international unions are commonly regarded as the most nefarious. Some thirty years ago, in an endeavor to forestall the expansion of the AFL, the clergy began to organize separate unions under their own control. Today the Syndicats Catholiques Nationaux, with a membership of over 41,000, is the most important central labor body in the Province of Quebec.

The French Canadian workers are warned against the AFL and the CIO in the most virulent terms. In their turn, the Catholic Syndicates are looked upon disdainfully by even the most conservative unionists of the American school. The preface to the constitution of the Syndicates addresses the workers in these words: "Yes, misery and suffering are the heritage of mankind, and men may attempt everything in order to banish them, but they will never succeed." The clergy exercise control over the Syndicates through their appointed *aumoniers* (chaplains) who attend all meetings and have the right of veto.

For many years now the Syndicates have served as the chief vehicle for "corporatism," which is the official social doctrine of the Catholic Church in Quebec. In 1934, acting under the inspiration of the hierarchy, the Tachereau government introduced the Arcand law, which provided for the establishment of Joint Committees (Comités Paritaires) of employers and workers to supervise the application of industrial codes. La Vie Syndicale, organ of the SNC, hailed this as the first step towards the corporate state. The idea was that these joint committees, at first functioning under state supervision, would next become integrated into the governmental apparatus (there was talk about a Council of Labor and Industry) and would ultimately result in the replacement of parliamentary representation by representation based upon corporations of employers and workers. The implications of the theory could hardly be mistaken: for in the propaganda that was carried on by the Catholic Syndicates and other clerical-controlled organizations, Italy and Portugal

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generally served as models for the projected corporate state of Canada.

During recent years the clergy has suffered some highly compromising reverses in the sphere of union activity. When 6,000 Montreal dressmakers went on strike in May, 1937, the Church found itself absolutely powerless to prevent the French Canadians from joining the ILGWU. Archbishop Gauthier went so far as to issue a pastoral letter condemning the CIO and warning French Canadian workers that membership in it was incompatible with Catholicism. But the strike remained solid and the workers were victorious.

In order to forestall the CIO and save the French Canadians from its vicious influence, the Catholic Syndicates undertook the most extensive organizational drive in their history. What was the clergy's dismay when, having succeeded in organizing the workers in the steel, textile and other industries, and having called them out on strike, these selfsame workers—once upon a time models of Catholic submission and docility—celebrated their first strike experience by erecting barricades in the streets, battling the police and generally deporting themselves in a far more reprehensible manner than had the workers of the "Communist-controlled" CIO in Ontario and Quebec.

Other difficulties beset the clergy. Having had next to no experience with strikes, it was inevitable that they should have bungled their first serious efforts. The textile strike afforded perhaps the worst case of mismanagement. Ten thousand workers were called out—a tremendous action by Canadian standards. But the Syndicates were without an adequate apparatus and without strike funds. The result was an utterly disgraceful compromise. The agreement that the Syndicates signed gave the textile workers—whose wages averaged $7-$9 per week—an increase of five percent, and included, among other provisions, *a basic working week of seventy-two hours* for four categories of workers, with five percent for overtime.

The activity of the Syndicates these last years has done little to encourage the loyalty of the membership. The author has had many conversations with rank-and-file workers and minor officials of the Syndicates who, though they are ardent Catholics, are bitter in their denunciation of clerical control. As far as labor is concerned, the clergy finds itself between Scylla and Charybdis. If it does nothing, it leaves the way open for the international unions. But if it does call strikes, it finds itself unable to control the workers on the one hand, and, on the other hand, it is so poorly equipped to cope with the difficulties involved that it inevitably compromises itself still further.

On the score of democracy the clergy has made its position abundantly clear. "You ask me whether I am a fascist, totalitarian or democrat?" said Cardinal Villeneuve. "I shall answer in the very words of Mgr. Bilczewski—'I do not recognize the wild, lying, atheistic democracy which reigns today in almost all the countries of the world.'"

While Catholic opinion in the United States was split almost fifty-fifty over the Spanish civil war, the Church in Quebec was unanimously and virulently anti-Loyalist. When Father Sarsola came to Montreal to address a meeting in the course of his North American tour on behalf of Loyalist Spain, Catholic University students rioted through the streets, broke windows in Jewish shops, knocked down a McGill University professor, stormed the City Hall—and finally compelled a not-too-reluctant mayor to cancel the permit for the meeting. But when a Franco agent, José Pedroso, arrived in the city a short while later, he was given a well nigh official reception.

It was no secret that Adrien Arcand, recently interned leader of the fascist movement in Quebec, enjoyed a large measure of clerical support at one time. It is true that Archbishop Gauthier did say that "the doctrines of this party are very confused and a Catholic must consider very carefully before subscribing to them." Yet despite this admonition, the fact remains that the fascists rarely had difficulty in obtaining the use of Church halls for meetings and conventions.

One of the big mysteries in the Province of Quebec is the Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique (JOC), an organization of some 40,000 youth, drilled, disciplined and rigidly centralized, whose leader, Father Henri Roy, is an old admirer of Belgian Rexism. Liberal papers in the province have repeatedly charged that the JOC is a fascist combat organization in embryo; officials of the JOC have just as insistently denied that their membership receives military drill. And that is how the matter stands to this day.

A few years ago there was printed in Quebec *with the official approval of Cardinal Villeneuve* a book entitled "La Réponse de la Race." In its pages are reproduced the thousand-times-disproved "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." We are further instructed that "The worst enemies of Christ are Lucifer and the Jews." . . . That Jews consider it "a job well done if they can send a Christian to his death" (*Une bonne oeuvre de procurer le mort d'un Nazaréen*). . . . That the Jews organized the French Revolution. . . . That Freemasonry is an instrument of the plan for world Jewish revolution. . . . That the Rotary Clubs are adjuncts of the Judeo-Masonic plot. . . . That the League of Nations was also a Judeo-Masonic contrivance. . . . And finally, that 70 percent of the deputies and Senators of the United States are Masons and that "Roosevelt, who is a Jew, is a thirty-third-degree Mason."

The authority of the clergy has, however, never been so absolute as popular belief would have it. Louis Joseph Papineau, leader of the Rebellion of 1837, is still regarded as one of the national heroes of French Canada—and Papineau was a disciple of Voltaire and a

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bitter enemy of the clergy. Sir Wilfred Laurier, one-time Premier of the Dominion and the greatest figure French Canada has produced, clashed with the hierarchy and on several occasions rallied the people behind him in the face of open clerical opposition.

The revolt against clerical control today expresses itself in a number of different ways. In many cases accumulated discontent has resulted in a complete break with the Church and with religion. Generally speaking, however, the malcontents are anti-clerical in the French sense: they believe that the proper sphere of the Church is religion and that it will succeed much better in this sphere if it is not permitted to dabble in temporal matters.

Perhaps the most important development in recent years is the appearance of the weekly Le Jour. Edited by Jean-Charles Harvey, former head of the provincial bureau of statistics and one of the Province's outstanding journalists, Le Jour has built up a very large circulation and has established itself as the foremost protagonist of liberal Catholicism. Week in and week out, Le Jour hammers away relentlessly, condemning the archaic condition of the school system, castigating the nationalists and isolationists and pleading for tolerance and understanding between the French and the English peoples.

These are the apparent manifestations of anti-clerical sentiment. But, like an iceberg, the bulk of it lies beneath the surface. In Quebec a merchant or professional man who was out of favor with the Church would find himself ostracized and his business ultimately ruined. Workers and unemployed who have left the Church find themselves ineligible for the charities which the clergy monopolizes. People consequently express their views in private, in anecdotes, while in their ordinary lives they carry on the pretense of pious submission. There are individuals occupying high positions in the Catholic Syndicates, the JOC and other Catholic organizations who in their private lives are anti-clericalists and even free-thinkers. This is perhaps the worst indictment of the Quebec regime: that in such an atmosphere personal morale is bound to deteriorate while opportunism and hypocrisy flourish.

The structure of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec still stands, vast and impressive—to all appearances as termless as the pyramids. But the ground on which it rests has grown dangerously unsure and in the edifice itself fissures are beginning to appear. Radical measures will be necessary to buttress its sagging foundations. Everything depends on whether the hierarchy will be able to break with its medieval inertia in time to avoid the threatening cataclysm.

MAURICE LENOIR

This is the second of two articles on the consequences of clerical control in Quebec.—THE EDITORS

Where Is the Heart of America?

THE NEW REPUBLIC is the living heart of America. So I'm asking you these questions. Is this really the way you carry out your ideals? Is this America?

I'm a Filipino. There is glamor in your bright lights, but we are not allowed to live in the light. We come to you to learn; from out of our struggling darkness we come to learn the good and abundant way of life.

Opportunity—opportunity for education—that's what they told us we could get in the United States. My schoolteachers at home were idealistic Americans who told me of America's promises of liberty and equality under the law, but forgot to mention the economic discrimination and racial complexes with which you interpret your rainbow-hued promises.

Here we are, and by your decree our place is in your dark slums and your streets of vice. So that is how it happened that I stood for the space of not more than five minutes at the corner of one of the questionable streets of Los Angeles. I was waiting for my friend Basilio, my countryman, who had gone up to his room in the shabby hotel to get his notebooks and fountain pen before going to our evening classes. Where but in a dirty slum will you give a Filipino room to live in this free country of yours?

Basilio had just gone out of my sight into his hotel when a radio police car drew up to the curb beside me. Out of it jumped two burly officers and, to my surprise and horror, each grabbed me by an arm. They searched me roughly. "Get in here, you bum! You're going to jail where you belong."

I fought to keep my voice calm. I must not do as my friend Pedro had done under exactly similar circumstances. Anger at the injustice of being falsely accused had made him answer the policemen unwisely. After hitting Pedro in the face, they threw him in jail on a framed-up charge. His employers fired him, he lost his opportunity for schooling, his mother died of a broken heart and Pedro is now an unhappy bum.

"Oh, God, don't let this happen to me," I prayed.

I spoke as rapidly and as calmly as I could. "Officer, I'm sure you've made a mistake. I've never been in jail. I have never broken an American law. I'm a respectable resident of this city. I've worked eight years for a well known doctor, and he will tell you that my morals are good. I'm a member of the Filipino Christian church and superintendent of the Bible school."

The officers looked surprised. They do not expect a Filipino to be able to overcome his native accent. I have studied hard and have succeeded in polishing my speech to your standards.

"Where's your identification?" they asked.

I produced my church-membership cards, my student-association credentials, my social-security card.

"Well, all right," the policemen said grudgingly. "Stop loitering. Get going."

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So I walked on, sick with frustrated anger. This is not the first time such a thing has happened to me. It happens to my friends all the time. Our crime is the possession of a brown skin. The protection of your American law is strictly limited to Nordics. We are neither citizens nor aliens. You will not grant us citizenship. We may not own property, practise law or medicine, take civil-service examinations. Police officers arrest us with impunity and without a warrant.

If I were alone in such an experience it wouldn't be important. But I am one of many thousands of young men, born under the American flag, raised as loyal, idealistic Americans under your promises of equality for all, and enticed by glowing tales of educational opportunities. Once here we are met by exploiters, shunted into slums, greeted only by gamblers and prostitutes, taught only the worst in your civilization.

My father was a Methodist minister but he gathered no riches taking Christianity into dark corners. And here I am, lost in a jungle of dish-washing jobs and racial dislikes and economic discrimination.

America came to us with bright-winged promises of liberty, equality, fraternity. What has become of them?

MANUEL BUAKEN

How They Are Voting

THE NEW REPUBLIC recently asked a number of its friends for what presidential candidate they intend to vote this fall. A majority of those interrogated were contributors; the others were people about whose choices we were curious. Some of the replies (in alphabetical order) appear below and others will be published later.

Have not decided yet. Many things can happen between now and November and I am waiting for Mr. Willkie to substitute a bill of specifications for the glittering generalities which he has given us to date. CHARLES A. BEARD

I vote for Thomas Jefferson and his heirs and assigns. This means that in normal times I vote for the Socialist candidate, who (to my thinking) represents Jefferson in terms of our day. But I am voting for Roosevelt at this critical moment. For the Socialist candidate is opposed to Jefferson's idea of a universal citizen army, to a strong national defense and other essentials of this moment. I also think it is most important to defeat the big-business fascist tendency. So I am voting for Jefferson's original party, and I think it important to retain a President who has led us through the earlier phases of this crisis.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Don't know yet. Waiting for some sign that will enable me to tell one from the other. So far, it looks as though the major policies would be about the same with either Willkie or Roosevelt—but Willkie tends to present them in the tonalities of reaction, Roosevelt in the tonalities of progress. Hence, if nothing else develops, I'd probably prefer to see Willkie get in. For Willkie, if put into office, will discredit the tonalities of reaction, whereas Roosevelt, if continued in office, will discredit the tonalities of progress. . . . However, this is but provisional. It is still possible that, before the contest is over, the dialectics of rivalry may force the candidates into a real opposition. In which case, there might actually be something to vote for (*i. e.*, besides a mere "protest" vote). KENNETH BURKE

I'm not enamored of the idea of a third term, nor do I like all of Roosevelt's habits of mind. But I have been waiting in vain for any convincing stuff from Willkie. He seems to be hoping to conjure an increase in private investment out of a hat. Ah, if it were that simple! Besides, the war complicates matters. I've lost my fear that Roosevelt can take us into *this* war. But I trust him to arm us so that we may have a chance of not having to fight the next. Willkie's principles would almost certainly get in the way of rearmament.

So, on balance, I guess I've got to vote for Roosevelt. Not as a disciple—just as a guy taking the best with the worst. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I am planning to vote for Roosevelt in the fall. I recognize, of course, that the New Deal is pretty dead, but I believe that there is enough left in its corpse to warrant mounting guard over it rather than suffering it to be torn limb from limb. That is, I believe that the New Deal is still on the defensive against a reaction that, once in power behind Willkie, would destroy its progressive gains together with the administrative personnel charged with the operation of its legislation to the great detriment of all the still remaining progressive forces in the country.

I don't believe either major candidate will play a decisive role with respect to our active intervention in the war, but I do believe that a Democratic victory together with the interests represented by it would better define popular attitudes both in foreign policy and in the administration of the defense program. RICHARD STORRS CHILDS

I haven't yet made up my mind for whom to vote in November. Of course I shall not vote for a lawyer whose only achievement is his defense of private against public utilities. Nor can I vote approval of F. D. R.'s defense program, which does not reckon with the real dangers against which defense is most urgent. And as I am not an absolute pacifist or non-resister I do not share Norman Thomas' point of view in his utterances so far, and I would rather go to jail myself than vote for Joe Stalin's representative.

MORRIS R. COHEN

Roosevelt of course! More developments essential to American peace and progress have been put over in the last seven years than in the nine preceding administrations under seven different Presidents—those serving since I came of age. Then why should any liberal vote for a candidate who talked liberalism at college and has answered no liberal calls to action since? None of the great souls of my day would recognize Willkie's name except as a leader of the opposition. I will vote for a well balanced liberal and an effective man of action—not for a "build up."

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

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I shall vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt. First, because he knows something about the international crisis; and second, because he has shown himself a great leader of democracy at home. Neither of these things can be said of Wendell L. Willkie. And the minor parties are so shattered by partisan strife that there is little hope in any one of them at this time.

GEORGE S. COUNTS

My candidate is George Washington, with Andrew Jackson as second choice. ELMER DAVIS

The past eight years have shown that President Roosevelt has tried to make the common resources of the nation available to all the people. He has done more for American labor than any other President. Willkie has never lifted a finger to support the social legislation of the past eight years. On the contrary he has fought the TVA. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I shall support Roosevelt and Wallace. JEROME DAVIS

Shall vote for Norman Thomas. See no permanent hope from either of the old parties. JOHN DEWEY

I expect to vote for Roosevelt.

After eight years we know pretty well what Roosevelt will do. We do not know what Willkie will do, and he seems reluctant to tell us—specifically. But from what I know of Willkie I do not think I would like what he would do as well as I like what Roosevelt does.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

I expect to vote for Roosevelt again. He's living in the present and looking to the future while Willkie is running home to play in the old back yard and seems to think America can afford to do the same. LEWIS GANNETT

Roosevelt. In these critical times we need a man of humanitarian values in the White House. Adaptation of the economic order to changed economic conditions has only begun. HAROLD M. GROVES

PM's policy—stated a week or two ago: to look over all candidates—do some arguing pro and con, in print—and come out publicly a few weeks hence. Think President-picking a serious business. RALPH INGERSOLL

I shall vote for F. D. R. Why? For one paramount reason. Both in national and international policy we need an affirmative state that will meet the Nazi threat vigorously—in national affairs by confronting corporate concentration with a government more powerful than the corporations, and by continuing the necessary government spending for public purposes; in the international field by facing Hitler's power with a power equal to his own. Willkie represents business leadership, which has shown itself bankrupt in both areas. It spells breakdown plus ruthlessness in national affairs, and appeasement in foreign policy.

MAX LERNER

At the moment, I am refraining from public expression on the subject mentioned.

JOHN L. LEWIS

Death of a Newspaper

ANOTHER CHAPTER of liberal journalism has ended with the defeat, in full battle, of George Fort Milton's Evening Tribune of Chattanooga, Tennessee. The Tribune suspended publication on September 4.

The Tribune was founded in March of this year, as a successor to Milton's Chattanooga News, which fell last winter before the combined pressures of Wendell Willkie's Commonwealth and Southern company, hostile anti-labor forces and an estranged stepmother who foreclosed on bonds of The News (*vide* The New Republic, January 15, 1940). The assets of the old News were bought by Roy McDonald's rival afternoon paper, which assumed the name, The Chattanooga News-Free Press. This journal had been subsidized by Willkie's power company to oppose the public-power stand of The News.

A curious circumstance caused Milton's second downfall. During the three-months' interregnum, The Free Press inserted into its advertising contracts a novel clause which forbade its customers to advertise in any other afternoon newspaper. Thus when Milton's Tribune entered the field, he found local merchants afraid to advertise for fear of reprisal lawsuits.

Eventually this situation came to the attention of Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, for the Free Press action was held a clear violation of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. Investigators were sent to Chattanooga. Late in June the Department of Justice filed a criminal complaint against The Free Press, a procedure which takes the place of an indictment. McDonald immediately struck the "exclusive" clause from his contracts and merchants, with the threat of lawsuits removed, began patronizing The Tribune. The log jam was thus broken, but not before the fatal damage had been done. Summer found Milton with no reserve funds.

The story of The Tribune is no less stirring than that of its ancestral News. It had more than 600 stockholders, including Francis Biddle, Senator Norris and others throughout America and even in Great Britain. No person owned a controlling interest; it was truly, as it claimed, a "people's paper" and Milton directed it only because his stockholders had confidence in him. He fought a superb battle. First-class equipment was bought at spectacular bargains, thanks partly to the friendliness of the International Typographical Union. A loyal staff took pitifully low salaries. Subscriptions were sufficient and steady. The Free Press, to be sure, had all three major news services, but The Tribune, with two minor ones, did an excellent job.

That The Tribune failed is a loss to the South and to sound journalism everywhere. That it lived so long in such adversity attests to the gallantry of its staff, its subscribers, its stockholders and of George Fort Milton himself. GORDON GASKILL

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Handy: A Story

NOBODY KNEW where Handy came from, and nobody knew where he would go if he left, but if he had not killed Grandpa Price, he could have stayed another ten years or more.

Grandpa Price was old, and he was peevish, and he did nothing but fuss and find fault all day long. If he had been let alone, he would not have lived much longer, anyway.

But Handy hit Grandpa Price with a windlass, and the old man died that night. Handy had to pack up the little that belonged to him and get ready to go somewhere else to live.

"You ought to have had better sense," Harry Munford told him.

"It wasn't sense that had to do with it," Handy said. "Just the same, it wasn't a good thing to do."

"A man oughtn't be an out-and-out trouble-maker," Handy said. "People who spend their lives making things don't have time to find fault with others."

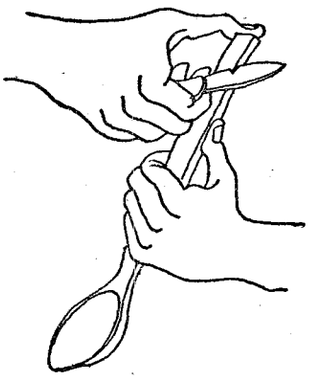
"Even so," Harry said, "you shouldn't have done what you did to Grandpa Price."

A whole day could be spent counting up the downright trouble-making things Grandpa Price had said and done during the past ten or fifteen years. When he ran out of the ordinary things to find fault with, such as not enough gravy on the chicken or too much sweetening in the custard, he would go around quarreling about the time of day it happened to be. Sometimes when it was morning, he would say it ought to be afternoon, and when it was noon, he would say it ought to be dawn, and then rant and rave if anybody said noon was as good as anything else for it to be. Only a few days before he died, he got after Harry because the chimney might not be in plumb. That made Harry so mad he almost lost his head. "What if it ain't?" he shouted at the old man. "Because if it ain't, it ought to be," Grandpa Price said. Harry was so mad by then that he went for a plumb line and dropped it on the chimney. The chimney was only an eighth of an inch out of plumb. "That ought to make you shut your mouth from now on!" Harry shouted at him. "I won't shut my mouth, because the chimney is out of plumb and you know it. It ought to be torn down and built up again right," Grandpa Price said. "Over my dead body," Harry told him. Grandpa Price fussed about the chimney being out of plumb all the rest of the day and even through supper until he went to bed that night. He called Harry and all the Munfords lazy, good-for-nothing and slipshod. He followed Harry around the place saying anybody who would take up for an out-of-plumb chimney was not a good citizen.

"The more I think about it, Handy, the more I think you shouldn't have done it," Harry said. "Any number of times I've felt like picking up a brick or a crowbar and doing the thing myself, but a man can't go around the world hitting old men like that, no matter how provoked he is. The law's against it."

"I just couldn't stand it no longer, Mr. Harry," Handy said. "I'm sorry about it now, but it just couldn't be helped at the time."

Handy had lived there ten or twelve years. When he walked into the front yard for the first time, it was in the middle of the cotton-picking season. He came in and said he was looking for something to do. It was at a time when Harry needed cotton pickers if he ever needed them. Harry was all ready to hire Handy. He told Handy he was paying 60 cents a hundred in the fields.



Handy shook his head as though he knew exactly what he wanted. Cotton picking was not it. "No sirree bob. I don't pick no cotton," Handy said. "I haven't got any need for anybody else these days," Harry told him. "The cotton is falling on the ground, going to waste faster every day, and that's all I'm concerned about now." "You always got need for something new, or something made of something old." "What do you mean?" "I make things," Handy said. "I just take what's thrown away and make it useful. Sometimes I like to make a thing just because it's pretty, though."

He picked up a stick of wood about a foot long and two or three inches thick. Nobody paid much attention to what he was doing, and Harry was sizing him up to be a tramp. He asked Handy if he had ever worked in the fields, and Handy said he had not. He asked him if he had ever worked on the river steamers, and Handy said no. In the cotton mills. Not ever. Railroads. No. Harry shook his head. He put Handy down a tramp. Handy scraped the wood with the knife blade and handed it to Harry. It was the smoothest-whittled wooden spoon anybody had ever seen. It looked as if it had been sandpapered and polished. It had taken Handy only the length of time he was standing there to do it. Harry turned the spoon over and over in his hands, felt of it, and smiled at Handy. Anybody who could do a thing like that deserved a better jackknife than Handy had. Harry took his own out of his pocket and gave it to him.

Nobody said anything more to him about picking cotton in the fields. Handy walked around the yard

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looking at things for a while, and then he went around to the back of the house and looked inside the barn, the woodshed, the smokehouse and the chicken-run. He looked in all the hen nests, and then he began carving nest-eggs out of some blocks of wood he found in the barn. They were smooth and brown, and the laying hens liked them better than any other kind.

After he had made six or eight nest-eggs, he found something else to do. He never asked Harry or anybody if it was all right for him to do a thing, or if they wanted something made; he just went ahead and made whatever he felt like doing. The chairs Handy made were the most comfortable in the house, the plow-stocks were the strongest on the farm, and the weather-vanes were the prettiest in the country.

"The trouble with Grandpa Price, he wasn't like me and you, Handy," Harry said. "The reason me and you are alike is that I crave to get things growing in the fields and you to make things with your hands. Grandpa Price didn't have that feeling in him. All he wanted was to find fault with what other people grow or make."

Handy was sad and dejected. He knew it would take him a long time to find another place where the people would let him stay and make things. He would be able to stop along the road now and then, of course, and make a chicken coop for somebody or build a pigpen; but as soon as he finished it, they would give him a leftover meal or a pair of old pants and tell him to go on away. He knew all about the trouble he was going to have finding somebody who would let him stay and just make things. Some of them would offer him a job plowing in the fields, or working on a river steamer. "I want to make things out of pieces of wood," Handy said. "I want to build things with my fingers." The people were going to back away from him; they would shut the door in his face. He could not sit still. His hands began to tremble.

"What's the matter, Handy?" Harry asked him. "What makes you shake like that? Don't let what happened to Grandpa Price untie you."

"It's not that, it's something else."

"What else?"

"I'm going to find it hard not having a place to live where I can make things."

"I hate like everything to see you go," Harry said. "Somehow or other it don't seem right at all." It hurt him so much to think about Handy's leaving that he tried not to look at him. "But," he said, "the sheriff will make it hard for me if I fail to tell him what happened." It was already the day after Grandpa Price had died, and the sheriff had to be told about it before Grandpa Price could be buried in the cemetery. "But I don't want to do it, just the same," Harry said sadly. "It means driving you off, Handy, and I'd drive you off a dozen times before I'd let the sheriff find you here when he comes."

It hurt Harry so much to think about it he could not sit there and look at Handy. He got up and walked away by himself.

When he came back, Handy was not there. But presently he saw Handy's head bobbing up and down behind the barn fence, and he was relieved. After a while he went into the house to change into clean overalls and shirt. He had to change before he could go into town, anyway. There was nothing to stop him from taking as much time as he wanted, though. He looked at two or three pairs of overalls before deciding which to put on. He liked to have a person like Handy around, because Handy was always making something, or getting ready to make something. That was what he liked about Handy. He was like the children when they came home from school, or on holidays. They were busy at something, play or work, every minute they were awake. He was afraid, though, that when they grew up they would get to be like Grandpa Price, that they would spend their time finding fault instead of making things.

When Harry finally came out into the yard, it was late in the afternoon.

"I don't like to go to town at this time of the day," he said, looking towards the barn where Handy was, up at the sky, and back again towards the barn. "It would mean coming back long after dark."

Harry walked around the house, to the garden several times, and finally towards the barnyard. He wondered more and more all the time what Handy was spending so much time down there for. Several times he had seen Handy come to the barn door, throw some trash and shavings outside, and then disappear again.

It grew dark soon, and he did not see Handy again until the next morning. Handy was at the table eating breakfast when Harry came in and sat down.

"What's this?" Harry asked, standing up again suddenly.

"A little present for Grandpa Price," Handy said.

"But Grandpa Price is dead—"

"I only made it to hang around his neck in the grave," Handy said. "I wanted to make something for him, but I thought he'd find so much fault with it if he was alive that I went ahead and made it all wrong just to please him."

It was a wooden chain about two feet long, each link about the size of a fingernail, and each one a different object. Handy had carved it from beginning to end since the afternoon before, sitting up all night to finish it.

"If Grandpa Price was alive, he'd be so tickled to get it he wouldn't want to find any fault with it, Handy. As it is, I don't know that I've ever seen a finer-looking present."

Harry sat down and picked up the chain to look at it more closely. The first link he looked at was a miniature chair with three legs shorter than the fourth one.

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"I didn't think anybody but me remembered about that time when Grandpa Price quarreled so much about one of the chairs having one leg shorter than the others. I said one leg was shorter. Grandpa Price said three were short and one was long. Up to that time, that was about the biggest quarrel me and him ever had, wasn't it, Handy?"

Handy nodded.

Harry bent over to see what some of the other objects were. One was carved to look like a piece of the sky with the sun and stars shining at the same time. Another was a picture in a frame that looked upside down no matter which way it was turned.

Handy pushed back his chair and got up.

"This is too fine a thing to put in a grave, Handy," Harry said. "It would be a sin to bury a thing like this in the ground where nobody could ever see it again."

"I made it for a present to hang around Grandpa Price's neck," Handy said. 'That's why I made it."

"Well," Harry said, shaking his head, "that being the case—I guess you've got the right to say— But it does seem a shame—"

Handy went out through the kitchen, down the steps, and across the yard to the barn. As soon as he got inside the barn door, he fired the shotgun.

Harry jumped to his feet, carrying the chain for Grandpa Price's neck with him.

"What did Handy shoot for?" he said. Then he went down to the barn.

When he came back, he was slow about it. He looked sad, but there was another look on his face at the same time. One moment he appeared as if he might cry; the next moment it was as though he felt so good he had to grin about it. "Handy won't have to go now, after all." He grinned all over his face. "If Handy had stayed alive, I'd never have seen him again," he said to himself. He walked up on the porch and began looking at the chain again, picking out a line here and a link there to stare at and feel with his fingers.

"Grandpa Price can be buried in the cemetery if he wants to," he said aloud, "but Handy is going to be buried right here in the backyard."

He felt the chain with all the fingers of both hands and held it up to gaze at in the sunlight.

"I want to have him around," he said.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

For a Time of Troubles

Wild Horses

Do you hear the stuttering of their hooves? The unfurled
Rumors of night have called them down the coast.
The sea yawns, and her lapping tongues exhaust
The sleeping boys chained to their frozen world.
For it is more than terror or lust that hurled
These stallions down the night. It was more than lust
Once drove those shrieking horsemen through the lost
Shires of culture and tact. These copper-curled

Wild horses are only emblems; they are only
The wilderness of transition. Mile upon mile
I see a hooded shape, veined like the Nile
And indistinct, emerge; in whose vast birth
Once more our thoughts grow impenetrable, lonely,
And stream like these wild horses over the earth.

The Heroes

And then they moved. Sunlight covered them like a song.
They turned their clipped, indifferent heads once more,
They smiled, and seemed to wait: their long
Brown arms shone like water and the shore

Muttered, like a gigantic animal in pain.
The women and children were no more than birds
Or leaves, or drops of rain.
They were incapable of thoughts or words.

And these tall smiling figures, legendary,
Though a week before they had been only men,
Stood on the brink of the past; all the fury
And hallucination of the past rose up again,

Rose up and covered them like fever, or a song.
They were statues. They scarcely seemed to move,
As they moved away. They had grown tall and
strong,
Their eyes glowed with a new and hidden love.

The women did not understand at all. They stood
And waited till the ship was gone. Their grief
Was like the warm rain falling or a leaf
Falling into the hollow of a wood.

Going into Exile

Birds hung poised on the granite. The big wind
Carried us down the coast, and once we saw
A hill, and on top of it a turtle-skinned
Cripple who waved and cried, "The only law
Is that whoever conquers must also kill,
Who kills must sicken, and die by his own hand!"
We landed. Menace of drums hung over the hill.
Soon we were touched by the fever of that land.

He was a strong man who could there remain
Single and calm, but above all single-hearted.
Many there were who struggled and were slain,
Some who were kissed, consoled, and finally parted.
But only one in that whole countryside
Who kept his word, went mad, and finally died.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

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Washington Notes

The Experting Trade

THE MAINE ELECTION, coming, as it does, two months before the presidential vote, has always brought starry-eyed excitement to the politician-experts. This year, it happened to coincide with a widespread belief among the political laity that Mr. Willkie's candidacy had about blown up. Consequently, the apparently contradictory outcome in Maine, together with the experting that accompanied it, has been largely ignored.

Nevertheless, this experting has a certain interest. The Maine election was the sharpest test we have yet had of Dr. Gallup's necromancy. Dr. Gallup missed the actual vote by only four percent, which is the margin of error he has always claimed for himself. It may be noted, however, that the error, in both governorship and senatorial contests, was favorable to the Republicans, adverse to the Democrats. That is, he estimated the Democratic proportion of the vote four points lower than it really was. At present, Dr. Gallup places the Roosevelt strength across the country at between 50 and 51 percent. If he is making the same four-point error in his national estimate, Mr. Roosevelt actually has from 54 to 55 percent of the vote. This is just enough to permit Mr. Roosevelt to squeak in.

The Maine election also throws light on the so-called "tide theory," of which the chief expositors are Mr. Louis H. Bean of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve and Professor Schlesinger of Harvard. Under the tide theory, the electorate votes Republicans and Democrats into and out of office in slow, majestic procession. This theory is very ancient; it was formally enunciated by Aristides—or rather by a friendly voter with a clam shell—just as the Athenians kicked him out of the community. The proportion of the Republican vote in Maine increased between 1936 and 1938; by the tide theory, it should increase again this year, and it did.

Did the Republican vote increase enough to indicate a victory for Mr. Willkie in the nation? That, of course, is the real problem in experting. According to the experts' technique—or as nearly as this department can apply it—you start with the fact that the Democratic candidate for Governor in Maine, Mr. Redman, had 36 percent of the vote, the three Democratic candidates for Congress 34 percent, the Democratic candidate for Senator, Mr. Brann, 42 percent. Which of these three percentages represents the pro-Roosevelt sentiment of Maine inhabitants? No one can say, so we strike an average, or 37 percent. That is conservative, for Gallup tests show that Roosevelt is running about three points higher than Brann.

Now for our second guess. Everyone knows that Maine is more stubbornly Republican than the rest of the country, but just how much more so? In 1936, Mr. Roosevelt's vote was 19 percentage points lower in Maine than nationally; in 1932, it was 15½ points lower; in 1928, Al Smith's was 10 points lower. What, then, would be a plausible figure for us to use? Suppose we again strike an average, or 15 percentage points. Adding these 15 points to our previously arrived at 37, we have a national Roosevelt strength of 52 percent.

A final step is necessary. We are bound to assume a concentration of Roosevelt sentiment in the South. Consequently, to carry the Northern and Western states, Mr. Roosevelt must have more than half of the national vote. On the basis of past elections, he will need from 52 to 53 percent of the popular vote for a majority of the electoral vote. Dr. Gallup's current estimate, on the assumption that it contains a four-point error, would just permit him to sneak home. The Maine calculations put his victory in doubt.

This experting defies plain, common-sense observation that Mr. Willkie's campaign is turning sour. I have tried to indicate the somewhat free guesses that experting entails. However, Maine seems unexceptionable as a source of data. If anything, the circumstances of this year's election appeared to favor Mr. Roosevelt unduly. Election day was cold and drizzling; the weather tended to keep Republican farmers at home but did not interfere with polling the Democratic shoe workers of towns like Lewiston and Auburn. There had been an ugly scandal in the state government, and Mr. Redman had been active in uncovering it. Probably his vote should be considered abnormally high.

The row between the National Defense Advisory Commission and the New Dealers of the Treasury over the amortization provisions of the new tax bill is apparently being decided, as these Notes are written, in favor of the NDAC. The issue was primarily that of jurisdiction: whether the big-business men of the NDAC or the Treasury New Dealers should have the final word about the disposition of plants built under the defense program. So far the NDAC's corporation executives have won in every dispute with the New Dealers. Primarily they have won because they—and not the New Dealers—have been uniformly backed by Mr. Roosevelt.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Why Should Youth Pay the War Bill?

IT IS DIFFICULT to appreciate the rage engendered in the breasts of many patriots among business men in New York over the proposal to "draft industry." There is a notion that the drafting of men rests upon a principle that does not apply to the drafting of money and of plants.

Of course men are drafted—and young men—not because the government has any power over them which it does not have over property, but because men are essential to fight wars. You must have soldiers. And old foofoos such as wear senatorial togas and own newspapers are practically worthless for this purpose. Therefore the government takes young men, not because it has any greater right to them or because young men owe any more obligation to the government to go to war than old men, but because only young men are worth their salt as soldiers.

When the government takes a young man, it takes all of him. He may be getting $15 a week or $100 a week. It

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takes him away from that job and puts him to work for the government at $30 a month. It causes a loss of $15 to $100 or more a week to him, which is just as completely a money loss as if it were taken out of his pocket in the form of taxes. This is not considered. Nor is the fact that his career, his professional preparations or beginnings, his education, all may be gravely imperiled for the rest of his life.

He is obliged not merely to devote his body and all his time and his life itself to the war effort, but he is expected to sacrifice the excellent salary he is earning—and his prospects—for $30 a month. How does the case of the owner of a business—who may be a mere stockholder—differ from this? He cannot possibly have any rights superior to this young man's. If it is proper for the nation to take this young man and wipe out his economic stake during the war, why is it not proper to take the property of another who happens to be of no use as a soldier?

Of course what the owners of property are afraid of is that the government will use this power to step into their plants and that, having once done that, they will never come out. Well, that is a risk of war. Congress merely proposes to take these plants for the duration of the war and then only if the owner refuses to assist in the war effort.

Conscription, plant seizures, vast and destructive taxation, immense public debt, derangement and doubtless collapse of the economic system when the war or the war hysteria is over are all a logical and inescapable part of the whole war adventure. To suppose we can have a nice war or a nice enterprise in war preparation without all the things that go with it is nonsense. To suppose that we can shift our recovery effort to a huge war-preparation program, stimulate business, end unemployment and escape all the inevitable consequences to our economic system and our social structure is innocence of the most dangerous kind.

It all takes its rise, however, from one proposition—namely, that Hitler is coming here, that when he has defeated England, he will invade America and destroy our independence and democracy. If Hitler is really coming here, of course, preparation for that event, with all that it implies, is necessary. The whole folly, the whole vast defense project, with its billions, its debts, its conscription, its plant seizures—all take their rise logically out of this fundamental proposition that has been sold to the American people. It is of course encouraged by those also who believe in a great aggressive military and imperial republic which will challenge the other dictatorships for power and trade.

I do not believe that Hitler is coming here, not because he would not do it if he could and thought it profitable, but because the enterprise would be too fantastic for the consideration, even for a moment, of men who are not insane—and the German military machine, whatever may be said of its cruelty and degeneracy, is not insane.

That we should prepare our defense upon some plan which conforms to the conditions of a somewhat, but not greatly, altered world, every sane man admits. It is a far cry from that to the orgy we now behold. But those workers and young men and business men who subscribe to this popular terror of the oncoming Hitler and the great brass-hat imperial republic must make up their minds to take everything that goes with this grim *table d'hôte*, including the seizure of their darling little plants.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Records: Far and Wide

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to the great and wonderful body of music produced in Europe and in its colonial offshoots during the past five centuries, it comes as no small relief now and then to hear music which—if not new—at least sounds new and fresh to the ears, something which gets well away from the standard scales, modulations, rhythms, voices and patterns of composition. Not everyone will agree that Columbia's album, "A Program of Mexican Music" (M-414, 8 sides; $4.50), gets away entirely. But it makes a start, and it's well worth hearing.

Last winter the Museum of Modern Art asked Carlos Chavez to get together some representative Mexican music to be performed during the opening days of an exhibition covering twenty centuries of Mexican art. Aided by a Rockefeller grant, he had replicas of ancient Mexican instruments constructed, collected some of his stolid countrymen to play them, and set them all up at the museum, along with local performers on standard instruments, and choristers from the National Music League. This album includes the pieces best received at the museum concerts.

Not all this music is unusual. Two orchestral pieces, Sones Mariachi and Huapango (from the Jalisco and Vera Cruz regions respectively) offer Latin dance music as it is well known here—with the usual two guitars, fiddles, a bass which seems to trail the melody by one beat, and a two-against-three rhythm. Both reveal Cuban influence. More Spanish-Mexican in effect is La Paloma Azul (not Yradier's La Paloma, although there is some similarity), a beautiful song of the last century, finely arranged and played, the simple two-part harmony of the chorus being given somewhat of an edge by sharper orchestral voices. It is frankly sentimental, frankly a love song. And it's offered without apology. It needs none.

Probably more interesting, though, are the three compositions of distinctly Indian origin. It is not pretended that they are pure Indian; they have been sifted too much for that, but the spark is in them. Take Danza a Centeotl, from Chavez's Los Cuatro Soles (1921). The words are Aztec, and they are sung excitedly over a rhythmic shuffling of rasps and an uneven throbbing of large drums. The austerity of its harmony, from which such refinements as thirds and sixths are largely omitted, is the austerity of wrought iron or cold stone, and it is clean and strong. Then there is Chavez's own Xochipili-Macuilxochitl (pronounced as spelled), "an attempt to reconstruct the general sound of a pre-Conquest Aztec instrumental ensemble," in which a shrill flute leads off and gives way to a variety of rattles, rasps, wooden cylinders and then the heavy pounding of deep drums over which you hear a few wild notes from a trombone which is trying hard to sound like the big snail's shell into which the Aztecs used to blow loud and fiercely. Finally there is some Yaqui music arranged by Luis Sandi. Coming from the Pacific Coast it is the least influenced by Europe, but would sound more genuine without a solo violin which enters—all too proper—over a low drumbeat.

This music of the Mexican Indians is chiefly distinguished for its modes (not unusual by themselves) and by the timbre of its instruments—in particular the drums, some of which are sharp, some very resonant, some dull and

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thick. And the Mexicans apparently know, or once knew, how expressive even a single drumbeat can be—exuberant at times, intoxicating as it beats out a steady figure, or, pulsating low and inexorable through sultry air—as in "The Emperor Jones"—a thing of terror.

But for rhythm and technique these Indian drummers cannot touch those of some of the tribes of Central Africa. And if it's drums you're after, your quarry is a special Victor album of African Music (P-10, 12 ten-inch sides; $6.50). This music was collected by Laura Boulton, who went along with the Straus West African Expedition of the Field Museum, and set up her recording instruments among the tribes north and east of the Gulf of Guinea.

At the start you should be warned that at least half of these records are of very little musical value. Such things as the Kru battle signals (wavery blasts on a horn followed by excitedly jabbered orders), the Wrestling Match Song and the ghoulish Orphan's Wail of the Bakwiri, are best left to the long-bearded anthropologists.

Among the six tribes whose collective sounds Miss Boulton has recorded, the Malinke and Bini stand out as masters of percussive rhythm. The Malinke are former cannibals who still go in for voodoo. They signal by drum, and when they get ready for war two deep drums pick up a short rhythmic figure which is beaten out heavily while higher drums join, each barking complicated counter rhythms and swelling the volume until the sound comes at you from all directions—and then suddenly the upper drums pull out and the deep drums are left to pound on steadily, and the ground is shaking and West Africa is getting ready. The Bini, as in the Song of Obba's Wives and Obba, and in their tribal Dance Song, add chants in minor harmony to the drums with good effect. But the most intriguing are the five drums of the Bini Secret Society, each of which plays a solo and then joins the other four in one of the most complicated exhibitions of rhythmic fuguing you ever heard.

It is hard to conceive of any Aztec, Malinke or Bini sulking in his hut when the tribal drums begin to throb, because this music is strictly a community affair. Like scandal, it's something you don't keep to yourself. But the classic music of China, as you hear it in the album Musicraft has just released in coöperation with the American Bureau for Medical Aid in China (Chinese Classical Music, 8 ten-inch sides; $4.50), is something else again. This music is individual, meditative and introspective. The classic Chinese scholar played his own instrument, sometimes several of them, and he did so musingly to break the great silences by a lake or on a grassy hill at dusk or in the shadows of his study, weaving the thread of melody with delicate care, and treasuring its every note.

In this little album Professor Wei Chung Loh plays eight ancient pieces on five very ancient instruments. There is an Er-Hu, a two-stringed teakwood violin with a tone like a muted viola; the Pi-Pa, whose tone crosses those of banjo and guitar; the classic Seven String Ching (Confucius played it) which extends well into the bass, and two flutes. The flutes are not easy to take, but the Convalescent's Soliloquy, as played on the Er-Hu, Flying Flowers Falling upon Emerald Green Grass (Pi-Pa) and the quite beautiful Parting at Yang Kwang (Ching) are by no means a chore for Western ears. STANLEY FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Polls Show 90 Percent of GOP Women Fear a Third Term. – *Headline in The Chicago Tribune.*

Many hundreds of incendiary bombs flared among the pine trees of the Harz mountains and the trees blazed up like timber. – *James MacDonald in a cable to The New York Times.*

Symptomatic of the community optimism was the public rebuke which Mrs. Dibble at today's meeting of the club administered to the autumn poet, William Cullen Bryant, who declared "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

"That," said Mrs. Dibble, "is defeatism. That is fifth-column talk designed to take the heart out of us at the most critical moment in our year's gardening." . . . And she led her applauding clubmates in a rousing stanza of "America the Beautiful." – *Lawnville dispatch to The New York Times.*

Hey, Go Back and Touch Second

There was a great lift to that portion of Senator McNary's speech which retold the story of the Oregon trail, a story which cannot be too often told. . . . It is sufficient here to say that if our country obtains a leadership which holds fast to this vision, and if our people muster the fortitude and high purpose of those who blazed that trail to Oregon, with faith, courage and will to work, no possible combination of legislative nostrums can save our nation from going the way of all flesh. – *Editorial in The New York World-Telegram.*

What's So Special in Bed?

United States Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy told an audience at Windsor today that disturbing nights caused by air raids were nothing new to married men. – *Item in The New York Times.*

Extra Added Attraction

SUSAN AND GOD. ALSO WENDELL WILLKIE. – *From the marquee of an Arkansas City theatre (photograph on file).*

Sanctuary

The new federal alien-registration program, according to director Earl Harrison, will require the registration of 100,000 Filipinos now in Hawaii and the United States. However, Filipinos in the Philippines will not be required to register. – *U. P. dispatch from Washington printed in The Manila Tribune.*

Reply Collect

Suitable for day or evening [the coat] is $2,750, and if you're tired of mink this is heaven's own answer. – *Fashion page in The New Yorker.*

Unethical and Lousy

Purging of the registration in the county of the names of the dead, insane, absent and nonexistent was another method Republicans counted on. Hague spokesmen in recent days have denounced the program as "an attempt to disenfranchise thousands of disqualified voters." – *From a dispatch to The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Nazis Down Under

SIR: Mr. Max Lerner would never dream that his article of last year in The New Republic entitled "Hitler as Thinker," has given trouble to a Chilean living in a remote corner of this country. In fact I was in bed because of an accident when I read the article and put it into Spanish directly on the typewriter just to kill the time and show the work to some friends, especially German sympathizers. One of the copies of my translation got into the hands of a German fifth columnist, with which the country is plagued. He scooted to the German embassy with it and from there the ambassador sneaked to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, it is believed, not to accuse me, but to demand my punishment. All the fuss was because I used this very same paper to write the article. You see this is Government official paper, but that does not mean that what is written on it is official. Here in the mountains I can't get any other paper to write on. You see how stupid these square-heads are.

I am proud to say that in the present regime a Chilean (and every body else in this country) is free to speak out his mind and empty his chest as he pleases. You and any one can prove that by just reading the daily press where you can find criticism of any descriptions pro and against the government. How then can any one provided he is not a square-head, expect the government of a free democracy to punish one of its citizens because he happens to have translated an article criticizing a dictator?

I have lived for some time in the south of this country, and I and everybody else can tell you that our best provinces of the south are in the hands of the Germans. They have absorbed all the agriculture, all the industries and (which is worst of all) all the social life. Their father's grandfathers came here begging for bread, they got bread and fortune, and their children's grandchildren who have the insolence to look down on us are Germans to the marrow. Go and ask them for their names; they are Germans on either side. They do not marry Chileans, they keep away from the people of the country, they have everything separate, even the cemetery; and they are one mass of Nazists. That is true of Valdivia, La Union, Temuco, Victoria, Puerto Montt and many other smaller towns.

The best way to help democracies, to help yourselves and to help us, is to help England kill the dragon on the spot now and at once while it is half wasted out. When it gets wild with victory, many of the South American countries might join the victor like moths flying to the fire of hell that burns them. Help save the democracies now that it would be comparatively easy and cheap. Don't keep your planes for within a week they might get out of fashion.

Somewhere in Chile JUAN NORVO

Honest Knaves and Sheep's Cloth

SIR: It is regrettable that the editors of The New Republic must "heavy-heartedly" endorse a peacetime conscription. The naïveté with which you propose to "fight both kinds of fascism" is discouraging. This conscription to keep America safe for our remnant of democracy is but sheep's cloth worn by the Fords, the duPonts, the Hearsts, the Roosevelts and other economic royalists. It is an easy snare for honest knaves like yourselves.

Here is a chance to "solve the problem of unemployment," to undo labor's victories, to end the slow progress toward a working democracy, and who jumps at this chance but our age-old profiteers whose superficial consciences have been dulled by long abuse.

I only hope that when you shoulder your guns there will still be a democracy for you to save.

New York City MAVIS W. DAVIS

Willkie as Others See Us

SIR: "The story of Elwood is the story of America," says Willkie. Posed in Life behind a lot of new books with pretty covers, the GOP nominee faces a four-page glimpse of the social wreckage of what was once his home town. Tinplate kings moved in about fifty years ago, squeezed the place dry and handed the proceeds over to film stars, Greek princesses and such; and then moved on. It was the City Slicker and Little Nell all over again; and no alimony for the lady when she was thrown over. Life pictures Zora Diven, who, speaking of the compensations she did not get, says "they did me out of it somehow."

And now comes the big surprise. Who is going to do right by our Nell? Why, Wendell of course. He states that, "Elwood's experience shows that individuals cannot carry through large-scale social readjustments—that society owes an obligation to its members when it leads them up a blind alley." Do I hear aright? Is this the anti-TVA, anti-New Deal, hands-off-business man? Is this Willkie, the protagonist of Rugged Individualism and the American Way?

To a simple Englishman, America is pure Alice in Wonderland, Jabberwocks and all. And it is not surprising that Hitler is said to rate the propaganda weapon as the most potent in his armory. Is it not Goebbels who has promised that he and his boss will do an "inside job" on America?

Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. R. L. M. KIRKWOOD

Preview

SIR: In the midst of all the *yable* passing for poetry today, will you listen to a *creative thinker* who speaks for the human race? Then *listen:*

1. "Civilization"—thirty-two lines—greatest war poem ever written—yet I do not even mention the word *war.* Inspired by ruins in Europe today.

2. "Juvenile Delinquency"—sonnet. In all the pages of literature I challenge the world to equal my sonnets. In a billion

BUYING THE UNION WAY

American Federation of Hosiery Workers

With the White List prepared by A. F. of H. W., you will know what brands of stockings and socks are manufactured under union conditions. The A. F. of H. W.'s Union label (shown at left) is your assurance of fair conditions for labor and craftsmanship of the finest type. Mills and brands in practically every section of the country are included. Do write to-day for your free copy of the White List. *Address:* Room 200, The AMERICAN FEDERATION OF HOSIERY WORKERS, 2319 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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prose-words you could not match the cyclonic outcome of my 113 words in this sonnet, "Juvenile Delinquency."

3. "Optical Illusion"—sixteen lines—humorous—on the moving parade of human ruins caused by depression. No other writer in the world has goggled this great humorous sitiation for a poem.

4. "A Solo"—twelve lines—humorous—on another subject the wise guys have overlooked.

Reply stamp enclosed. If any poems are returned, please use no paper clips—and do not refold or fold together.

As for your *articles:* You are not going down to the granite of causation at all—just fooling around in foam. Are you interested in my "Fallen Republics"—or my 1879-word anti-Roosevelt article, "Roosevelt?" In seven years not a single line has ever laid bare the secret of that colossal catastrophe.

Los Angeles, Calif. JAMES H. DOYLE

Our Reporting Readers: Seattle

SIR: Civil Liberties: Judge Rutherford can't get on the air in Seattle. The Catholics stopped him. And Howard Costigan, executive secretary of the Commonwealth Federation, is admittedly the Number One radio voice in the Pacific Northwest. His Commonwealth Federation controls the Democratic official machinery in King County, the largest county in the state. It elected Senator Schwellenbach; helped elect Senator Bone; got Congressman Warren G. Magnuson and Congressman Mon Wallgren into office; represents 200,000 persons affiliated with old-age-pension groups, labor unions on both sides of the fence, Workers' Alliance, etc. But Costigan is off the air. Reason: KIRO, CBS outlet here and owned by Banker Louis K. Lear and Senator Bone's political manager, Saul Haas, kicked him off.

Then, the Boeing Aeronautical Mechanics' Union, the largest local in the American Federation of Labor (6,700 strong), couldn't hire time on the radio to broadcast a meeting at which it voted, 97 percent to 3 percent, to strike.

A red-baiting campaign in the Seattle Newspaper Guild, known throughout the nation because it shut down a United States newspaper for the first time in the history of journalism with its 1936 strike against Hearst's Post-Intelligencer, resulted in the firing this week of Claude Smith, one of the P-I strikers and executive secretary of the Guild. Behind the fight is Lester M. Hunt, publicity man for Dave Beck, Seattle's nationally known labor overlord.

The political situation in Montana should be mighty interesting to New Republic readers. It saw Jerry O'Connell, fighting liberal, win a Democratic nomination on $35, making a comeback against the powerful Anaconda Copper Company. It also spelled the defeat of the Number One anti-Semite in Congress, the crackpot Jacob Thorkelson.

Across the border in Canada, for the first time in United States history, the free-and-easy passage by Americans and Canadians over the greatest unfortified border in the world is no more. Canadians no longer cross over into Bellingham, Washington, twenty-seven miles from the border; nor do they come to Seattle. They can't take enough money out of Canada to spend a week-end in Seattle. Canada is a miniature laboratory for a nation at war. Mayor Lyle Telford, famed Socialist chief executive of Vancouver, B. C., is not following Norman Thomas' line. He's busy recruiting men and materials for Britain's defense. Anna Neagle has been to Vancouver, B. C., twice, doing her bit—flying up from Hollywood. Richard Greene is currently tiffing with Canadian army authorities. He flew to Vancouver, B. C., recently to enlist, but the army says it was just another Hollywood publicity stunt and is a bit peeved that the Canadian army should be used as a stage prop. The Technocrats have been raided in Vancouver. They're held to be subversive.

Seattle's fair-haired young mayor, Arthur Langlie, Republican, looms as the outstanding choice for the Republican nomination despite the embarrassing fact that he was built up by Publisher John Boettiger, editor of The Post-Intelligencer and son-in-law of the President. Thus, the spectacle of the President's son-in-law building up the man who may overturn the Democratic applecart in Washington State. Langlie's candidacy also involves Dave Beck, who is out to get him now because Langlie violated a promise to Beck's political triggerman, Les Hunt, to stay out of the gubernatorial race if Beck didn't buck him in his sixty-day-old campaign for mayor. On the Democratic side, Governor Clarence D. Martin, millionaire flour-miller, is seeking a third term. Running against him are ex-Senator C. C. Dill and Tom Smith, who six years ago was on WPA and is now King County Commissioner.

Then there is a mad race for Senator Lewis Schwellenbach's seat, with Stephen Chadwick, ex-American Legion national commander, changing his political colors and running for the Senate on the Republican ticket, though his family has been Democratic for eighty-seven years. The inimitable Vic Meyers, jazz maestro and currently a dude-ranch impresario, will run again for the lieutenant-governor's job he now holds.

Seattle, Washington NATHAN KREMS

Third Termers in Glass Houses

SIR: Of late our papers are full of the terrible third-term bogey which will surely make the President a "Dictator." Oh, yes? What about three, four, five and more terms, or until they die of old age or are retired on a fat pension, for our Senators and Representatives in Washington? Yet these are the parties who seem to be doing the most howling on this score.

We now notice some are clamoring for a law against three terms for Presidents. Why not be fair and apply this law to include all public officers, especially Congressmen?

Grand Rapids, Mich. HARVEY H. WEEMHOFF

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Joseph H. King of Portland, Oregon, reports having taken quite a beating from his friends because he holds Wendell Willkie is not a liberal and they say he is: he had an article in The New Republic. We regret Mr. King's difficulties but furnish him with a comeback: a liberal article by a Republican may be too much to swallow but it still doesn't make a summer. . . . Frederick B. Tolles writes from Cambridge to ask "Has anybody stopped to think of the effect of compulsory military training on America's already declining birth rate?" The answer to that one, without stopping, is leave your mind alone: there are enough babies born with sergeant's chevrons as it is. . . . The League of American Writers says that Malcolm Cowley did wrong when he insinuated that a lot of writers who had been Leaguers were now just writers again (August 12). The League says dues have fallen only slightly below last year and board and general meetings are going great guns.

Dr. Irving L. Sperling of Newark thinks we ought to print batches of Mike Landon's "Is There a Führer in the House?" and sell them at 25 cents a hundred. . . . Everett E. Wilson of Philadelphia says we are mincing our words on conscription but he won't mince his. "I am not in a 'stop-our-subscription' rage, but I am not accustomed to this sort of treatment of a vitally important issue, and in all honesty I do not like it a bit." . . . The Free German League of Culture in Great Britain sends a call from London for aid to anti-Nazi refugees in Canada, which is nearer here than there. Information from 36 A, Upper Park Road, London, NW 3.

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The Business of Being Funny

EVERYBODY who has tried to write funny—and I suppose everybody has, including Donald Ogden Stewart—knows what a tough business it is. In any other form, you can coast along with ordinary subjects and predicates, saving yourself for a big punch here and there. But when you are a funny writer and so certified, you have to keep it coming every minute, just as a juggler simply can't afford not to have a few things in the air all the time.

This is a wearing business, and one of the ways it wears is thin—especially if you're in what can be called the New Yorker school of funny men. This is one of the best developed and peculiarly American that we've got yet; and in fact it can break about even with the Mark Twain-Ring Lardner class and no favors asked. In essence it is the familiar essay, but in the doubtful bin at Bloomingdale; and Thurber is its prophet. At least he is the only one of the boys who almost never falls below a riot and is still going, if not so strong. (I draw a line between insanity with fancy names and $25 a visit, and something like Durante or the Marx Brothers, who are just plain crazy.)

S. J. Perelman is one of the New Yorker standbys; but it's seemed the last few years, and it seems double in the twenty-four collected skits of "Look Who's Talking!" [1] that his wind is short and he's swinging at everything. All these essays run to a general formula: Perelman digs up a Harper's Bazaar or an advertising campaign or a fad of the moment; a hotel courtesy folder, a comic strip, a pulp, a serious book, a promotion lay-out—God knows where the poor man's nightmares must take him—quotes it, kids it, pretends to gibber in the coalbin, ad-libs new situations or further catchwords, and gets out in 1,500 to 2,000 words. The topics always need a good ribbing, if they need anything; they usually get it. And nice titles: "You Should Live So, Walden Pond," "Hello, Operator? I Don't Want a Policeman," "Mercy, the Cat's Got into the Budget." If I were a publisher I could say, "He wields the scalpel on the foibles of our civilization," and you could slap my face. But to be more to the point of writing, how does he do it and does he produce?

S. J. Perelman's fund of allusion, metaphor, cant, slang, technical jargons and literary double-talk is immense. And he plays it like a Radio City organ. Here is some typical stuff condensed from no more than 500 consecutive words:

> Not to muscle in (1) on Marcel Proust (2) or anything (3), but I was just a blob (4) of plastilene (5) in the seventh grade. . . . The mere mention (5) of Messrs. A. and B. (6) would throw me into a catatonic state (7) where my breath would hardly frost a mirror (8). . . . Farmer Jones (6) was a jerk (1) who apparently (3) spent most of his time trying to divide up his north forty (7) into isosceles triangles (7). . . . It gave me a fairly cozy feeling (3) a few years later when all his acute triangles and perimeters (7) brought him smack up (4) against the eight ball (1) and he had to come sniveling around (4) to the AAA (9) for an assist (1). You might think that these worthies (3), in this bustling age (3) of television, the prefabricated house (5), and the two-way-stretch foundation garment (5 and 10) would insert a little moxie (1). . . . For pure fiendishness (3), Kampner and Grady could give cards and spades (1) to Torquemada (2); almost every problem is a deadfall baited (7) for the unwary scholar (3).

Now you can play those inserted numbers like an organ or a cash register, but they might be keyed roughly thus: (1) slang; (2) literary allusion; (3) the threadbare light touch; (4) the word of higher voltage; (5) the word from the New Wonders of Science and Industry; (6) the recall from context; (7) purely technical argot; (8) argot, but more household; (9) topical allusion; (10) sudden absurdity in catalogue, plus spice. There are five different types of slang, six trades or professions, and more subtle gradations in figures of speech than you can find Greek words for. Those are particulars and all over the place. The means in general is not so much a reduction to absurdity as a pouncing upon the absurd and blowing it up to the fantastic. The end of course is laughter, but the kind of laughter that comes from spoofing. And often it gags. Here's the lead on the same sketch: "I was going along, minding my own business, which is strictly grabbing flies around my old rocking chair, when without a word of warning 'Arithmetic by Grades' (Kampner and Grady) leaped out and bit me. There is nothing as frightening as reaching into your bookshelf for Zinkeiser's 'Recollections of the Early Church Fathers,' and . . ." Stop me if this killed you in the columns of The Classical High Stylus, where I thought it had died itself.

There are some really mean and funny pieces here all right—"Ye Olde Ivory Tower," "Somewhere a Roscoe . . . ," "Abby, This Is Your Father" (one of the best), "Down with the Restoration!" (probably *the* best). In these the method works; you not only agree and approve, but remember. It isn't so much that the ones in between the best and the out-and-out busts are merely so-so, or even that they leave a little grit in your teeth, being clever till it hurts but never with warmth or compassion or anger. It's simply that the practising humorist needs for his success to be the fool of heaven; and that in too many cases heaven is looking the other way.

I'd like to give you another before we're done, one where Perelman is really going:

> A young couple named Mibs and Evan have decided to return to the land. I see Mibs as one of those girls on the short side, with stocky legs, a low-slung posterior, and an untidy bun of straw-colored hair continually unwinding on the nape of her neck. Before anyone ever heard of Salzburg, she wore a high-bodiced dress with full skirts, a sort of horrid super-dirndl with homecooked hems that have a tendency to hang down in back. She is usually engaged in reading a book written by two unfrocked chemists which tells women how to make their own cold cream by mixing a little potash with a dram of glycerine and a few cloves. Evan is a full-haunched young man in a fuzzy woolen suit . . . who is forever rubbing a briar pipe along his nose to show you the beauty of the grain. . . . He has probably read more of Arthur Machen than any man alive.

You see here words used to some effect other than a mere sputter of fireworks; the picture is sharp and the story is ready to move. Now he's talking *about* something; now his wit and ease in the language play around without strain; he is funny and he is good. But the public and the publishers never leave that alone and approach him most of the time when it's yet a case of hangover and the rent's

[1] Look Who's Talking! by S. J. Perelman. New York: Random House. 255 pages. $2.

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due, like children with the nickels in their hot little hands saying, Go on, Uncle S. J., be funny some more. So he's there in a profession, nervous, fever-bright, overcute, counting his toes in dark closets and being bitten by arithmetic books. You know who's talking but don't look now.

OTIS FERGUSON

Books in Review

Thomas Wolfe: A Summing Up

THIS IS THE LAST NOVEL that will carry Thomas Wolfe's name on its title page.[1] The first thing to be said is that his publishers do no great service to his reputation by presenting it as a finished product of his mature talent. "By 1936," they tell us, "Wolfe had completed what he looked upon as his period of apprenticeship, and was ready to embark upon a vast new enterprise—a novel or a series of novels (he did not yet know which) into which he wanted to pack everything he had learned about life. Through several years he labored strenuously at it, and as the manuscript took shape it grew into two novels, both of which were finished and turned over to his publishers in May, 1938." This statement is not altogether correct. It is best to let Wolfe himself tell what happened—what he hoped to do and how he hoped to do it. In July, 1937, he wrote to me:

> I brought most of the manuscript of the last five or six years down with me; millions of words of it, and I hope to write several hundred thousand more this summer. Eventually I hope it will begin to take shape, like another monster of the deep, and I will have another tremendous book. I believe I learn a little something about writing all the time; but I am not so sure that I will be worried so much this time by apprehensions over size and length. The very nature of a book like this is that everything can go into it. To tell such a story is to try to loot the whole treasury of human experience. . . . So I have come back here to "set a spell and think things over"—freer, I hope, from the degrading egotisms all men know in youth; here to strike out, I hope to God, a living word. To do out of the substance of my own life, my single spirit, a better and truer work than I have ever done.

The three years from 1935 to 1938 were a period during which we saw much of each other—in New York and in the mountains of North Carolina. Occasionally he would give me a batch of manuscript to read. I know, then, that in the "millions of words" Wolfe talks about, substantial portions of this novel, and the one that preceded it, were included. Most of the section called "The Locusts Have No King," for instance, stands—as far as memory can judge—just as it stood in 1936. Another section, "I Have a Thing to Tell You," was pared to the bone and published in these pages about the same time. And the part of the book revolving about the famous novelist Lloyd McHarg—or a sizable portion of it—was also in manuscript before 1937. It is not accurate, consequently, to say that Wolfe's last two books marked a "new enterprise" or that they were finished before he died. As for the critics, those who found no "advancement" in "The Web and the Rock," will likewise probably find no advancement here. But let them hold their horses! Let them remember that this book not only contains the last writing Wolfe did—the section called "The House That Jack Built," for example, which was written in the spring and summer of 1937, just about a year before he died—but also many pages that were written as early as 1934. This is one time when no generalizations are permissible.

Wolfe disliked the critics as much as any creative writer. The charge that he wrote autobiographical novels particularly annoyed him. This is worth mentioning only because the critics were partially responsible for the rebirth of Eugene Gant as George Webber: and this in an interesting way.

Wolfe's anger with the critics frequently took the form of torrential outbursts in which he argued that all good fiction is basically autobiographical. It also kept cropping up in his letters. In one of them, partially devoted to a statement of his belief that most writers were surveyors rather than explorers, he wrote:

> In another way as well, our love of neat definitions in convenient forms, our fear of essential exploration, may be the natural response of people who have to house themselves, wall themselves, give their lives some precise and formal definition. . . . Anyway, all of these things have seemed to me to be worth thinking of, and I know that we still have to fight to do our work the way we want to do it—not only against the accepted varieties of surveyordom, that is book publishers, most of the critics, popular magazines, etc.—but against even deadlier and more barren forms; deadlier because they set up as friends of exploration when they are really betrayers and enemies; I mean little magazinedom, hound and horners, young precious boys, esthetic Marxians and all the rest of it.

Nevertheless, the charges leveled at him—"autobiographical novels," "lack of objectivity," etc.,—were still a source of annoyance. The neat definitions buzzed in his mind like mosquitoes. Then, about this time, he changed publishers—taking along with him several crates of manuscript; "millions of words." A large part of this manuscript, as has been said, went into these last two novels—but the hero of the manuscript was the same hero as that of "Look Homeward, Angel" and "Of Time and the River." His name was Eugene Gant.

When he changed publishers, Wolfe found himself faced with this major problem: How to use his unpublished parts of Eugene Gant's life in a new novel or group of novels. The hero's name, of course, had to be changed. The demands of publishing called for that. More than a mere rechristening, however, was required. The life of George

[1] You Can't Go Home Again, by Thomas Wolfe. New York: Harper and Brothers. 743 pages. $3.

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Webber had to be brought to the point where his early years would flow naturally into the later years of Eugene Gant. And, in writing about Webber, Wolfe believed that he could prove that he could create a non-autobiographical character—and also prove that it was within his power to write "objectively."

The whole unhappy effort was doomed from the start. If only for credibility's sake, the new hero had to be a man exactly like Eugene Gant. How else could the books have any pattern: any meaning whatsoever? This, then, is why the early pages of "The Web and the Rock" read like a loose rewriting of "Look Homeward, Angel." How could it be otherwise? Webber had to be grafted on to Gant. A trunk had to be provided for the branches and foliage already at hand. Wolfe unquestionably believed what he wrote in the preface to "The Web and the Rock" —that it was the most objective novel he had ever written. It was. But only to the extent that he was obliged to re-examine and rework some of his basic material. Gant became Webber but Gant remained. And Gant, of course, was Thomas Wolfe.

With the publication of this novel it is possible to discern the general outlines of the job Wolfe set for himself. His plan was to write a vast cycle of novels through which the life of Eugene Gant was to run as a kind of blood-stream. They were to go back to the Civil War (somewhere among his unpublished manuscripts there must be a long short story called "Chickamauga") and would project into the future as far as Eugene Gant, in the person of Thomas Wolfe, managed to live. Speculation as to how far he would have been able to carry out this plan, and how successfully, is purposeless. It would be equally purposeless for me to try to weigh this particular book. Even if I had not already disqualified myself, I would be reluctant to say more than I used to say after reading one of his manuscripts. "When it's fine it's fine. You know what you're after better than anyone else." I still feel the same way—that he was after something, that it was something most important to be after, and that, considering the number of times he gets hold of it, the flaws in his writing do not particularly matter. I soon learned that he would never be a terse writer because he was not the least bit interested in becoming one. So what of it? It also became obvious that he would never bring the tremendous engine of his creative ability under full control and that he would be forever loose and sprawling and sometimes windy enough to blow your hat off. So what of that? The fact remains that when he gets hold, when he digs through to what he is after, he is magnificent in a way few American writers ever have been —making his detractors seem puny and feeble by comparison. This book is full of such magnificence.

The last word I had from Wolfe was a postcard mailed from Yellowstone Park about two months before he died. It was a picture of Old Faithful and on the back he had scrawled in pencil: "Portrait of the author at the two-million-word point." It seems to me that that geyser is a pretty good picture of him. It looks vaguely like the way he used to look walking down First Avenue about two o'clock on a blowy morning and, like it, he gushed boiling and furious from his American earth. The landscape is lonelier without him.

HAMILTON BASSO

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Russia and the West

The Dream We Lost, by Freda Utley. New York: The John Day Company. 380 pages. $2.75.

THIS EXTRAORDINARY BOOK is an autobiography, a documented critique of Soviet economy, and a disquisition on Germany and the present war. Its author is a British economist who during the twenties became a Communist and, with her Russian husband, went to live in Moscow. She lost her dream that Soviet Russia would point the way to a better world when she found life there a nightmare and the Soviet economy a planned chaos. She left Russia in 1936, when the OGPU jailed her husband for a wisecrack made in Japan years earlier. From 1936 she hoped that by restraining herself she might help to free him. Now she has given up all hope, thinking him probably dead, and has put into this acid, unhappy, but curiously calm book the facts she has learned and the conclusions she has drawn from the experiences of the last two decades.

Miss Utley's study of Soviet industry and agriculture follows a familiar pattern. She believes that the NEP was the healthiest burgeoning of the revolution and that its abandonment in 1928 served no purpose beyond state aggrandizement and Marxian orthodoxy. Under a modified capitalism Russia might have expanded her industrial plant with the sympathy and credits of Western capitalists; under forced socialism, given the low technological level, poverty and tyranny were inevitable. In three long chapters heavy with official statistics, she contends that the inevitable has indeed come to pass; that since the end of the NEP the Soviet economy has slipped to a level below that of pre-war Tsarist days. Fiscal monkeyshines may enable Stalin's economists to draw impressive graphs of rising wages, but worthless rubles butter no parsnips. With thousands of experts dead or in jail, industry and farming are supervised by party hacks whose one recourse is to punishment. Increased privation and cruelty induce only slothfulness on the part of the workers, which in turn induces more cruelty and privation. The army of overseers and spies has grown into a parasitic class that is larger, Miss Utley believes, than any capitalist class in the world.

If Miss Utley had stopped with her analysis of Bolshevism, she would have drawn protests only from the Communists, but she has gone on to develop a theory that will be rejected by many of those most willing to hear the worst about Russia. For while she subscribes to the notion that fascism and communism have much in common, she believes that Nazism is infinitely superior to the Soviet system and should be so recognized by liberals. In Russia, she points out, the state owns and controls industry and farming, but the Communist Party owns the state and takes the profits. In Germany, on the other hand, industry is state-controlled but privately owned, and the ruling party shares the profits with the capitalists. The difference is important, for Germany gains greatly in efficiency by leaving management to those who know the art, whereas Russia's handicap is that she has liquidated her good managers and must rely on fools and knaves whose one talent is servility. In both countries the systems bear the germs of productivity, but the difference has made Russia a great plain of confusion and Germany a working organism.

From this analysis she goes on to recommend a European policy that is the very apotheosis of Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement. England, she believes, should strike one more bargain with Hitler and try to turn him eastward. Given a huge area to exploit, Germany's dynamic energies would be absorbed in construction instead of war. Nazi cruelty, bigotry and anti-Semitism, being in no way essential to the German economy, would pass away in a unified and productive Central Europe, and there would even be a chance for the return of democracy. Let Germany see what she can do with the countries to her east, which in any case have never known the virtues Britain is fighting for in the west. Let Germany, says Miss Utley, fight Russia and take her over; it would do Russia no harm, for the masses could be no worse off than they now are, and German efficiency would raise the standard of living. The alternative, she believes, is a Europe decimated by war, over which Stalin, who is spoiling for the chance, will spread his regimen of equal cruelty and greater chaos.

Miss Utley states her case earnestly. It is frankly a counsel of despair, for she feels that England is altogether incapable of achieving her war aims. She knows that her policy was tried by the last Prime Minister with disastrous results, but she differs from most liberals in that she believes that there are limits to Hitler's territorial ambitions and that they would be reached in the available acreage to the east. For those who can share her view of the alternatives, her case is a good one. For those who cannot, it is hardly better than that of the Tories who invented it.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

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WEEVIL IN THE COTTON By Samuel Milton Elam

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Many Mansions

Pilgrim's Way, by John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 342 pages. $3.

IN THIS PLEASANTLY DISCURSIVE autobiography, John Buchan describes his progress from the Fifeshire manse and village school, through Glasgow University on oatmeal, to Oxford scholarships and the study of law, then with Lord Milner for the rebuilding of South Africa, and so on to high position. He intends his book to be a "philosophic discourse," but succeeds in making an interesting indictment of British democracy in practice.

Once the poverty-stricken son of the manse reached Oxford, his Scots adaptability and a genius for friendship brought him into the charmed circle of pre-war days, when England was ruled by a few families "to whom politics was the greatest and most honorable adventure." He has known all the public characters of his time, Rosebery, Asquith, Balfour, Grey, Lord Northcliffe, Lloyd George, Generals Kitchener, Byng, Haig, T. E. Lawrence and King George V, and it is a broad canvas he colors for us. He appreciates Asquith's intellect and scholarship, Lord Balfour, who "saw facts clearly and made proper deductions from them," Ramsay MacDonald as an "endearing poet who had not the gift of song," and he unconsciously reveals that it was a cloud-cuckoo land that their intellects worked in, except for Lord Milner, that truly great administrator, and occasional realists like Lloyd George or Philip Snowden, or "some futile labor intellectuals," making noises offstage in a rather ill bred manner. Apparently the Oxford tradition was not affected even by the War. General Haig, at grips with reality in the Battle of the Somme, could not talk naturally to a common soldier. His only companion was God—and probably, one reflects, a God who was an Old Etonian.

The author's description of his years in Parliament is illuminating, after the previous close-ups of British political leaders. He served there from 1929 to 1935, during which period he says "there were no great political storms blowing," although these were the years that saw the rise of Hitler and the downfall of the League of Nations over Ethiopia. Buchan himself sponsored a bill for the prevention of the sale of English songbirds and "enjoyed every minute of his time," but the only dramatic event (though he admits "we had the eternal problems of unemployment and poverty") appeared to him the debate on the Prayer Book, when the innate puritanism of Englishmen was roused and that sacrosanct thing, a government measure, was thrown out.

What is most interesting is that, between these carved façades of the great, we get pleasant vistas of the countryside and the people who inhabit it: Scottish shepherds and Canadian farmers, Oxfordshire villagers, the rugged Labor members, so that the homely, invincible spirit of the British people seeps through the pages. The author's judgment is clearer with the masses: he shows it in his appreciation of America, where, he says, "the only true aristocrats are left —the pioneers," and where "the home is still the basis of society." He ends with a quotation from Whitman: "Everything comes out of the people—everyday people, the people as you find them and leave them; people, people, just people."

EILEEN FORSYTH

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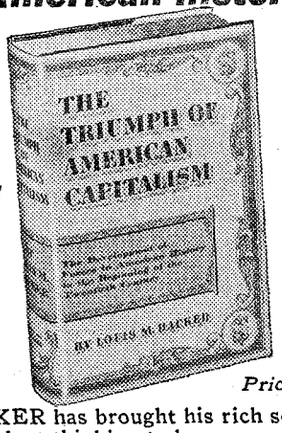

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A Reader's List

HOW TO GET INTO AVIATION, by B. Walker (Random House, $1). A brief, efficient reference book that describes all the basic jobs in aviation, where and how to prepare for them, the minimum qualifications, salary ranges and opportunities for advancement. Contains complete lists of all aviation schools, government and civilian; air lines and the cities they serve; aircraft and accessory manufacturers—even repair stations.

NATIONAL WELFARE AND BUSINESS STABILITY, by John Bauer (Harpers, $2). An argument for huge government spending on public works, land reclamation and resettlement, social, health and cultural services, etc., as a means of eradicating depressions, solving unemployment and generally stabilizing our economic unbalance.

SUCH WAS SARATOGA, by Hugh Bradley (Doubleday, Doran, $3). The author calls Saratoga a "town that used to be in a land that never was." Indeed, some of his sprightly narrative would be almost incredible if it were not well documented. The medicinal springs and the fashion center get some attention, but the emphasis is on the race track and on those colorful gamblers, John Morrissey and Richard Albert Canfield.

WITCHCRAFT: Its Power in the World Today, by William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace, $3). Reports, mostly eyewitness, of current rites, cults and black arts, from werewolves in Washington Square to panther men in Africa. Mr. Seabrook, who has come to some conclusions since his voodoo days, does not believe in the supernatural; considers witchcraft a real force, but rationally analyzable (crime, trickery, illusion and "induced auto-suggestion"); is skeptical about extrasensory perception. Factual, sometimes ghoulish, anecdotes, told without melodrama or hysterics.

Verse

THE OXFORD BOOK OF CHRISTIAN VERSE, edited by Lord David Cecil (Oxford, $3). Admirably selected, inclusive of Catholic, Anglican and Puritan poets from Richard Rolle (1290?-1349) to Robert Bridges and Eliot, with an intelligent introduction. An anthology compatible with Oxford Press scholarship.

SUNDERLAND CAPTURE AND OTHER POEMS, by Leonard Bacon (Harpers, $2). A book of rather slight lyrics by an author better known for his satirical verse. There are signs, however, of an examination of conscience, an attempted reordering of values that may lead to a more solid accomplishment. Already it is responsible for such a fine poem as "William James and Autumn."

Fiction

CANDLES IN THE NIGHT, edited by Joseph L. Baron (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). A collection of Jewish tales by gentile authors, including Boccacio, Chekhov, France and Strindberg, from fourteen national literatures. Many of them (although not so many as the anthologist thinks) show a surprising understanding of Jewish life and psychology, and the overwhelming impression the book gives is that genius throughout the world has generally been tolerant and untouched by anti-Semitism.

BROADSIDES, by R. W. Daly (Macmillan, $2.50). Another historical novel of English naval battles, this one working to a climax at Trafalgar. The hero is Irish and not much fun.

VALLEY OF THE SUN, by Clarence Budington Kelland (Harpers, $2.50). About a rugged Vermont pioneer in Arizona and a bad man who gets tossed off a cliff. A conventional Western, better documented than most, but interesting chiefly because it proves that even the old settler-and-Indian story can be written as propaganda against the New Deal.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, by Sophie Kerr (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). A bantamweight novel by an author most of whose books are featherweights. This time she writes about two women, the beautiful bad one who snares the men and money, the plain one who sits home with virtue. Your heart is supposed to go out to sister No. 2, and at the end, if you get there, you'll see her take the reward.

News About Books and Magazines

Studies in Philosophy and Social Science is the new title of the first English edition of the distinguished German Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung. It is the organ of the Institute of Social Research, formerly at the University of Frankfurt-am-Main and transferred to Columbia University in 1934. The Institute is the only German scholarly group that has been able to transfer its staff intact to the United States and continue its research and publication. Its journal has, until the present issue, continued publication largely in German. The Institute now completes the merging of its activities with the American scene by adopting English as the language of its Zeitschrift, Vol. VIII, No. 3 of which appears under the new title.

This month will bring a new literary quarterly called Accent, a successor to the late Direction, which will publish original fiction, poetry, drama and critical essays by anyone who the editors think is any good, whether he is an established author or a young hopeful. It is against commercialism and excessive intellectualism, pledged to no one political or literary clique, and the list of contributors is impressive. $1 a year or $1.75 for two. Address: Box 102, University Station, Urbana, Illinois.

Contributors

Maurice Lenoir is the pseudonym of a Canadian journalist who has made frequent contributions to the American press.

Manuel Buaken is a Filipino who has been studying in this country at Los Angeles Junior College and the University of Southern California. He has contributed to Physical Culture Magazine.

Gordon Gaskill was formerly an editorial writer on George Fort Milton's Chattanooga News and later a member of the staff of Milton's Chattanooga Tribune. He is now with The American Magazine.

Erskine Caldwell is the author of a number of novels, and the co-author, with Margaret Bourke-White, of books of pictures and text on the South and on Czecho-Slovakia. His short stories have recently been collected in one volume and published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce as "Jackpot."

Frederic Prokosch is the author of several volumes of verse and three novels, the most recent of which is "Night of the Poor."

Hamilton Basso is a novelist, biographer and political journalist, born in New Orleans, where he got his training as a reporter, and now a resident of North Carolina.

Richard H. Rovere, formerly an associate editor of The New Masses, has contributed to various magazines.

Eileen Forsyth is an English journalist now in this country.

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